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No. 317570

JOHN BULL

Vol. VI. No. 159 | SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1909. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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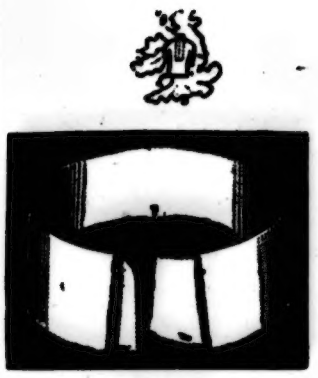
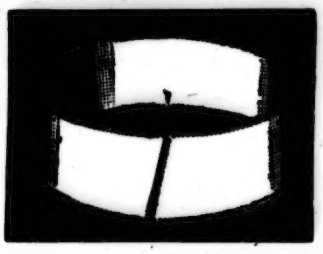


"SUCCESS"
1½, 1¾, 2, 2¼, 2½, 2¾ in. deep.



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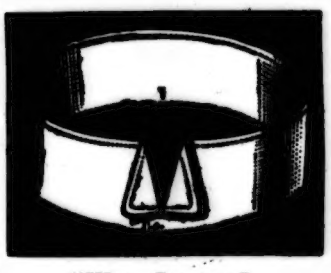

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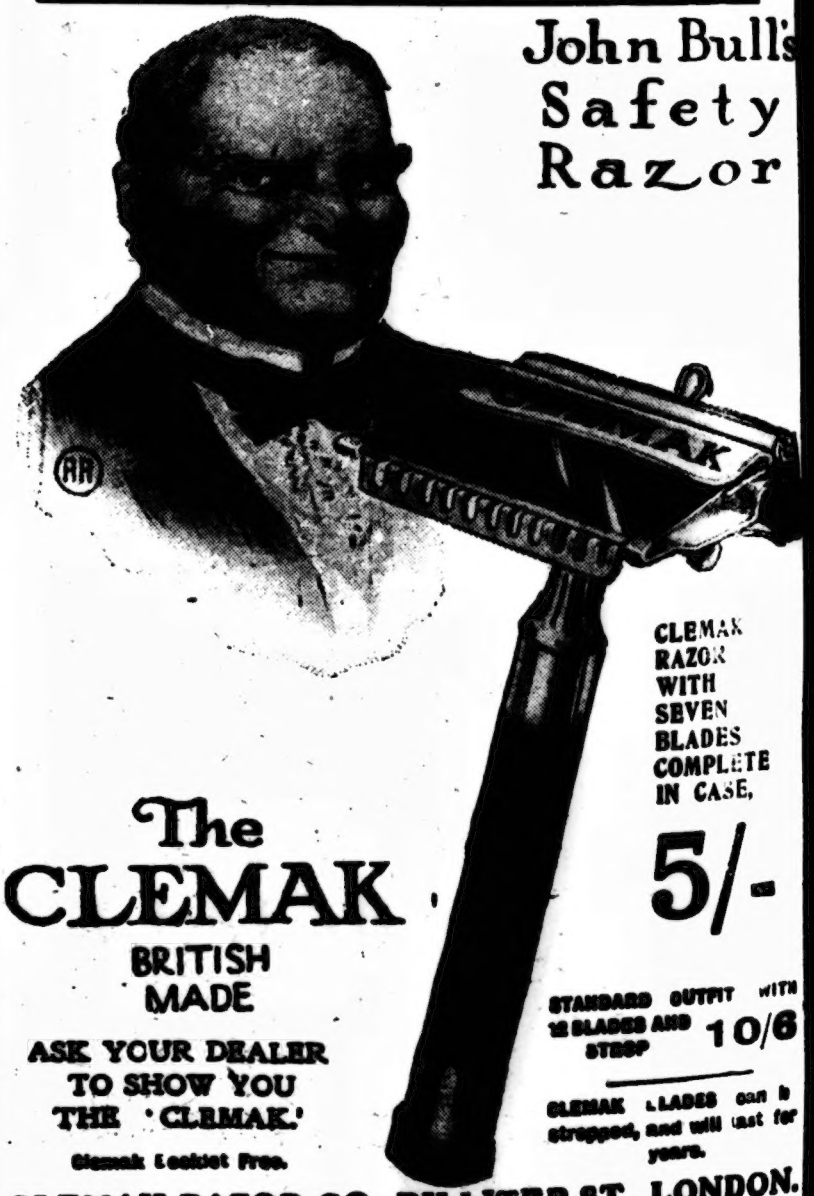

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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VI. No. 159. Saturday, June 19th, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Government is in no hurry about the Committee stage of the Finance Bill. The truth is, there is much difference of opinion in the Cabinet upon the Land and Licensing clauses. The fallacy about the inability of the Peers to amend the Bill having been exploded, the whole situation has changed. Ministers felt that the rejection *en bloc* by the Upper House of the Budget would have displeased the country and have formed a good peg on which to hang an anti-Lords agitation. But it is a different thing altogether when it says, "You must not be allowed to smuggle through the Finance Bill what you have failed to secure by legislation—first take the verdict of the country." Still, a great effort will be made to dally the discussion well into the winter, and thus avert an immediate dissolution. But there will be no more legislation—the Government is dead.

Isn't the Colonial Press Conference being just a bit overdone? It is all very well to praise the Press—which, on the whole, deserves praise—but the delegates must have had difficulty in restraining their smiles when listening to some of the clap-trap which has been hurled at their heads. The truth is that journalism, so far as it counts at all, is a purely commercial institution—run, for the most part, upon Party lines—for the delectation of Party enthusiasts. Just look at some of the recent headlines during the Budget debate: "Crushing Rejoinder by Mr. Lloyd George," "The Chancellor of the Exchequer's Feeble Defence"! "Merciless Criticism by Mr. Bonar Law," "Tariff Leader's Sorry Exhibition," and so on; and yet at the very time these idiotic things were being flaunted before the eyes of the delegates, they were being told that Journalism and Literature are one; that the pressman is a missionary of progress and truth. We really think it would have been more decent, in the entertainment of our visitors, to have refrained from pulling their legs.

We are assured by the First Lord of the Admiralty that Otto Hermann Stahlknecht, the lieutenant-commander of H.M.S. *Leda*, is a natural-born British subject. God save the King!

Apropos our criticisms of Mr. Kiralfy's methods, we should like to know whether it is the fact that diplomas awarded at the Franco-British Exhibition last year have not yet been sent to the exhibitors, although the fees for same were paid many months ago. We believe that certain firms who called attention to the delay at the beginning of the present year, were promised that the diplomas would be ready by the middle of February, but, according to our information, they have not yet come to hand. Really Mr. Kiralfy's methods are beyond a joke.

And, by the way, if he is not very careful, he may find himself confronted with the nasty problem of a working-class boycott. Having been frightened into taking tardy notice of the agitation against his abominable treatment of his clerks, he has been trying to get them to sign a paper, expressing satisfaction with the existing arrangements. And now come letters asking why the rest of the employees are being forgotten. The case of these slaves has been placed before the titled persons played by Kiralfy as the pawns in his great game of patriotic spoof, and it is on the cards that they have jogged Imre's elbow. Anyway, some small reforms are talked of. They should be hurried along, or very soon the show will be known as the Dead City—or shall we say the White Slave City?

We are still awaiting a reply from Mrs. Besant to the very serious allegations made by us against her colleague in the Theosophical Society, Mr. Leadbeater, whose pernicious teachings we have exposed. Surely it is not Mrs. Besant's intention to allow our grave indictment to go unanswered?

At the close of the current session many of the Labour Members will be departing from these shores. Anxious to "study our great Eastern Empire for himself," Mr. Ramsay Macdonald will embark him for India's coral strand; Mr. Arthur Henderson, the party's chairman, being inclined for study also, will go to Canada to investigate the conditions of labour there, and Mr. Bill Crooks will sail round the world. Yet we are told that these be hard times.

Our paragraph last week to the effect that the Egyptian authorities had inflicted a fine of £2,000 upon the British Government in respect of the smuggling of hashish, or "bhang," into Cairo, on the *Braemar Castle*, turns out to be only too well justified by fact. We have asked the War Secretary a question about the matter, and are assured by him that a Court of Inquiry is now investigating the incident. We have reason to know that Mr. Haldane takes a very grave view of it—and our question is to be repeated in a few weeks' time, when something sensational as to the guilty parties may be disclosed.

Our proposal for an *ad valorem* stamp upon all contracts for the purchase of stocks and shares—instead of upon the transfers—has caused a bit of a flutter. We deal with the subject on another page, and endeavour to make it clear that such a stamp would do no harm to anybody, and would bring much grist to the national mill.

The "Wycliffe Preachers" are evidently hard to please. They have been indulging in wild protests against the "popery" of a pageant which commemorates Wycliffe. Evidently anything which relieves the monotony of life is hateful to the Killjoys.

The French have never been remarkable for reverence, but they might at least draw the line at baiting funerals, even though they are characterised by vulgar display. A multi-millionaire is almost pathetic when death has parted him from his treasures, and the feelings of his mourning relatives deserve as much consideration as if he had died a pauper. There is a dangerous spirit abroad in Paris.

We hope that the state of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's eyes will soon allow him to return to his post on the *Daily Express*. We are sure that he would not have countenanced the unfair suggestion that, when Lord Milner rose to address the Press Conference, Mr. Churchill "walked out of the room—and banged the door behind him." As a matter of fact, Mr. Churchill had other public engagements, and would not have dreamed of making any such demonstration—even against Lord Milner. By the way, his Lordship got a very chilly reception at the House of Commons luncheon.

"Many residents of Swanage," we learn from the Press, are greatly excited over a rumour that "boats are to be run to the place on Sundays." The company owning the boats says there is no truth in the rumour. But the Swanage Council, not satisfied with this, have passed a resolution that "if any attempt be made to carry out the proposal," it must be vigorously opposed. Why? Are the majority of the residents of Swanage opposed to it? We do not know; and we suggest that probably the Swanage Council (which was elected to look after the drains) does not know either. We suggest, moreover, that the Swanage Council should take a referendum of the people before it opposes boats calling on Sundays. We have heard of those "many residents" before; and we have visions of half-a-dozen grumpy old half-pay officers and their lady friends who think they own the earth (or ought to) and would like to prevent anyone else from enjoying it; who are quite reckless of the prosperity of their neighbourhood if only they themselves may be allowed to vegetate quietly.

When two men pleaded guilty to sleeping out, without visible means of subsistence, at the Ammanford colliery in Wales, the local magistrates, who apparently read their JOHN BULL carefully, seemed in some doubt what to do in the case until a kind-hearted solicitor, Mr. Samuel Griffith, asked leave to say a word for the assistance of their worships, though the men were not his clients. Mr. Griffiths explained that, from his own knowledge, there were scores of tramping labourers in the neighbourhood willing and anxious to pay for lodgings, but that no accommodation of any kind was available. "Some of these men," he added, "have to walk ten or twelve miles in a morning to reach their work." As a result of this intervention, the magistrates discharged the men, severely commenting on the lack of lodging accommodation in the district. Many magistrates would have sent them to gaol, where the accommodation is ample—if hard. We are glad to note that the Ammanford bench were able to see the justice of the case in kindlier light.

Seldom, indeed, does any gathering pass a more practical or discreet series of resolutions than were those of the Commercial Travellers' Conference. Apart from the demand that "radius agreements," which are a sort of penal servitude for travellers leaving one job for another, should be made illegal—we have fought against them in these columns more than once—the conference called for the nationalisation of canals, for the reduction of the cost of securing patent rights, and for the appointment of British commercial men as British consuls abroad. All these reforms are on our own lines; and it may be that this is due to some extent to the fact that the "men on the road," both at home and in the Colonies, are among our most faithful supporters. A great scheme for utilising the old waterways of this country, partly to supply cheap water transit, partly as national motor-roads, and partly as light railways, would employ profitably thousands of men for some years to come, and would result in ultimate profit to the State. The Panama Canal, which will double the value of the American Navy, remould the history of the Pacific, and do all sorts of other things, will cost America less than a third the price we paid for the South African war; whilst the appointment of true-blue Britons to our Consulates would wake up our foreign trade. The men of the road are a level-headed set of chaps—and we raise our glass to them.

For sheer snobbery and impertinence, put forward in the name of sport, we have never read anything worse than the attack by E. H. D. Sewell, in the columns of the *Evening Standard Supplement*, on the English professional cricketer. Because these cricketers have the wickedness to sell their labour to the highest bidder, just as Mr. Sewell, we imagine, sells his pen, or the barrister his tongue, or the farmer his produce, Mr. Sewell demands that they shall be placed in chains. "A law should be passed making it impossible for a professional, having once played for a first-class county, ever to play for another," says Mr. Sewell. Could anything be more monstrous? "By removing all doubt in the minds of young professionals as to the chances of betterment," he adds, "if the pro. had to like it or lump it, he would be much more likely to keep his nose to the grindstone." For ourselves, we want as much amateurism in sport as possible; but a man may as honourably earn his living by playing cricket to amuse his fellows at the Oval as by walking about the London variety stages with his trousers hind-before, or judging Limericks like Mr. Gilly Jessop, or writing piffle for the Press like Mr. E. H. D. Sewell and other "gentlemen" cricketers. We are told that Mr. Sewell was reared in India. Perhaps that accounts for it all; he imagines himself still there.

The recent evidence of the ease with which a doctored person, refused by one insurance office, was fobbed off on another by means of a tonic prescribed by a doctor and made up at a chemist's, has set the gossip-writers off on the subject of "elixirs of life." None of them, however, seem to have heard of the latest phase of the search. In America, a wealthy crank, afraid of death, has had matter derived from a heifer pumped into him. The results are variously reported; we hope they will not be so abortive as those of most of the experiments recorded by history. Roger Bacon knew how to live 500 years, but he lived only about 80; perhaps he had had enough of the earth by that time. Most others who held the secret of physical continuity died lamentably young. The most popular of the remaining superstitions is that fathered by King David and others—an occasional *tête-à-tête* with a really nice girl. We have seen this freshen up quite elderly persons.

The *Daily Mirror* rejoices that foreign racehorse owners are "transferring their stables to free and merry England." 'M yes!

When a man is sentenced to be chopped in China he hunts up some other man who has less use for his head, and, for cash paid to his relatives, secures him as deputy. We don't do these things in England, though we made a beginning the other day when an Islington man, sentenced to 14 days as a defaulting ratepayer, induced another man, for a consideration, to do the time for him. Alas, there is trouble now, for the Borough Council has solemnly resolved to proceed against the two men for "conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice," so that there is to be another remarkable job for the Public Prosecutor. To our mind, if one man doesn't want to go to gaol, and another does not mind going to oblige him, the arrangement seems legally invulnerable, in view of the legal maxim—*Qui facit per alium, facit per se:* who does a thing through another does it himself.

We have not often to complain of magistrates being too soft of heart, whatever we may have to say at times concerning their heads. It has become increasingly evident of late that there is a racing competition afoot among the magistracy to earn our august approval. For the moment we know not how many are running, but let it be said, *pour encourager les autres*, that at the time of writing, Bailie Andrew Wilson, of North Berwick, is pretty near the tail-end of the procession. For why? The other day—we quote the *Edinburgh Dispatch*—a rag collector "pleaded guilty to having assaulted a little girl of four years of age in a common stair in Church Road, North Berwick." After that there did not remain much else for the Bailie to do except to ask himself what he would have liked to do to that ruffian if he had been the father of that child, and then, dividing what he would have liked to do as a father by the utmost he was permitted to do as a magistrate, to let him have it. But hearken. "Bailie Andrew Wilson, commenting on the serious nature of the charge, observed that accused might have been sent before the Sheriff, and he was inclined to commit him to prison without option, but as he appeared not to be very robust in health he would deal with him as leniently as possible and impose a fine of £2, with the alternative of twenty days in gaol." To our surprise, this is the end of the report. The reporter must have quite forgotten to add, "And then the Bailie, unable to restrain his emotion, spread his handkerchief over his face and wept."

Not many days ago, Sir T. Marchant Williams, the Stipendiary of Merthyr, laid down the law of Williams for the benefit of the Borough justices. He would have one fine for all drunks, he said, and not five shillings when he was off the bench and ten shillings when he was on. If the justices varied the fine, he would not have cases tried in his absence; ten shillings was the only proper fine. So we had a word with our Stipendirical friend *per* Open Letter, since when he seems to have joined in the race of magistracy to catch our sympathetic eye. He has, in fact, caught up with Bailie Andrew Wilson already, and it is hereby respectfully suggested that he will keep on running. Appearing before his seat of judgment was an indubitable drunk. "Ask him if he does not come from North Wales?" commanded Sir Marchant. The reply was that he came from Radnorshire. "Oh," commented his worship, "there are some decent people in Radnorshire; as long as you come from there we will let you off for five shillings and costs." Now that Sir Marchant has begun to discriminate, the next drunk who hails from Pontypridd should point out to him that there are some decent people also in Glamorgan. Then he may get let off with a caution.

What are these mysterious rumours which reach us respecting a prominent police official at Southampton? Perhaps the Watch Committee will enlighten us.

It is feared they haven't got religion in Motherwell—not yet. Apparently, however, they have been trying hard to get it for several months, and a few days ago they went for it hot and strong. First of all, the Protestants called a meeting in the public park. This meeting the Roman Catholics invaded with the might of dreadnoughts, but were driven off with losses, and eventually took refuge in a row of houses on the outskirts of the town. Then it was that the other Christian soldiers were observed to be marching on to war. They attacked the houses in regiments and battalions, shattered the window-panes, broke the doors—and bang went the Englishman's home. Presently the police also waltzed in to spread religion. They assembled in force, drew their batons, and proclaimed the glad tidings with such effect that scores of crusaders dropped down in prayer and pleading, several were gathered in for the penitent form, and doctors were kept busy amid the holy tumult. Not until midnight did the police win the last fervid apostle home, and him they led, martyred by blood and bruises. In the face of facts like these, why should the pastors despair? The light cometh, and Motherwell shall yet see the day.

The Rev. W. C. Bishop, Rector of Orsett, complains of mothers bringing their babies to church and thus risking the solemnity of the service. He goes on to say that "it is rarely church people who are so selfish and ill-mannered. It is usually the chapel people who show this rudeness." We had, up to now, been under the impression that the converse of this state of affairs held good, and that the *fiat experimentum in corpore vili* principle was the copyright of churchgoers—at any rate, as far as country towns were concerned. Some of our readers will doubtless remember the story of the village vicar who stopped in the church porch to congratulate one of his parishioners who was carrying a very young baby in her arms, on her early recovery from her accouchement. "But," added the rev. gentleman, "was it not risky to bring baby to church? Might not he have disturbed the service?" "Oh, there was no fear of that, sir," replied the young mother. "We took him to the Methody chapel last Sunday to try him, and he behaved beautiful."

The members of a cycling club at Anlaby, near Hull, are working-class people of both sexes. They ride out Sundays, obviously the day most convenient to them. These Sunday runs do not please the Rev. W. W. Stromberg, the local vicar, who has marked his horror and detestation of the same by making a sermon of them in his pulpit. We understand that the disapprobation of this parson recently resulted in the breaking-up of a local dancing class. It is now feared that his action will result in breaking up the Sunday cycle runs. If he owns the village and all the people in it, this seems possible, otherwise he should be told in firm but respectful accents that he may preach at the members of the club as long and as often as he pleases, but that they will decline to have their means of healthy recreation and enjoyment prescribed by him.

With reference to a sonnetteer's Saint Vitus, caused by alleged encomia in the *Times* newspaper, the following quotations are apt:—

"How eagerly do some men propagate every little encomium their parasites make of them!"—*Government of the Tongue.*

"A vile encomium doubly ridicules;
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools."—*Pope.*

A philosopher in the *Daily Mirror* has discovered that "life after death is simply an endless series of dreams, from which we can never awaken." As bad dreams are due to stomach-ache, we imagine that there will be some frightful nightmares when worms or flames devour our vile bodies.

By-the-way, Little Canfield, notorious for its burial scandals, has been again stirred by the refusal of the rector, the Rev. T. E. Hill, to make two loving hearts as one between Rogation Sunday and Trinity Sunday. He says that "if people's thoughts are concentrated on marriage at such a time, the thought of judgment as a reality is sure to fall into the background of consciousness," though marriage is clearly a judgment on some people, however they try to manage it. He gives as a second reason that "the clergy at such times should be spared from all unnecessary work, so that they may fix their minds on the special truths they have to preach to their people"; but there does not seem any reasonable reason why the clergy should not marry 'em first and preach the special truths to 'em afterwards. To make a close season for marriages between Rogation and Trinity is so much ecclesiastical bunkum.

The Lapoukhin, about whom so much fuss has been made lately in Russia, is a sort of hereditary police officer, and his daughter who lost herself in London a year or two ago is not the first eccentric feminine member of the family. A hundred years ago an ancestor of the present Lapoukhin was Director of Police at Moscow, and his daughter became mistress of the Emperor Paul. She was a married lady, but that did not matter very much to the most undiscriminating of all the Romanoffs. Her husband was Prince Gagarin, and she left him to live with the Czar, her husband and his various pals being liberally dealt with by their ruler. The Czar used to drive down to the Neva quay with his former barber, then his Grand Master of the Horse and a Count; and the monarch visited his mistress, whilst the ex-barber visited *his*, close by—Mme. Chevalier, a French actress of the day. "I have frequently seen the Emperor leave him there and fetch him away again on his return from his own mistress," says a contemporary chronicler. Hospitality indeed, not to mention liberty, equality and fraternity.

The habit of imputing doubtful morals to specific localities is no doubt an unfair one, although one of our own collaborators has been known to do it. Someone has been slanging the Potteries. The Potteries are retorting. What about the Kettleries? they seem to say. Moreover, whilst admitting a slightly brown or grey tinge, which we have noticed ourselves from time to time, they deny their own blackness. Some little while ago a sort of petition was sent to a friend of ours who had reflected on the Burslem air as not a conducer to fine quality in locally-grown fruit. Now one who signs himself "A. Potter" puts in a plea for the Hanley lead fumes as a wholesome tonic! "I have worked fifteen years as a glost placer, inhaling lead dust, and yet am open to show as good a physiqne as anyone," he says. That is the spirit we like: still we shall be surprised when the doctors begin to send people to Stoke for a change.

If one of the Preston papers is to be credited, they have done a wondrous thing at Los Angeles, in California. They have built a machine, worked by sun power alone, which raises water from wells at the rate of 1,400 gallons a minute. The sun rays are focussed in a huge mirror and reflected on a boiler suspended in mid-air, the steam generated being transferred to an engine on *terra firma*. "So frightful is the heat generated that a large pole thrust into the concentrated rays burns and flames as a match, and as the heat from the burning-glass would melt copper and iron in a few seconds, the boiler is made of specially prepared steel." We marvel at nothing in these days; but we are moved to wonder why the glass doesn't crack.

Master Jonathan Hardacre, of Padiham, aged ten, seems to be a bit of a problem. He would have been more at home in the merry days of the Inquisition than in our times. Recently he enticed the baby of a neighbour to "play with him"; and this innocent pastime took the form of having its nose burst by a blow from Jonathan's fist, its face burnt by a spoon heated in boiling treacle, part of its ear snipped off with the scissors, and its body bruised with a clog. The father of Jonathan attributed his son's affable conduct to "living picture exhibitions." We should attribute it to lunacy—probably congenital. Presumably, after twelve months' "probation" he will be let loose—to commence, in due course, manufacturing other Jonathans in his own image, and after they have disposed of a number of law-abiding citizens by bashing and sand-bagging them, we shall build more gaols and asylums for these Jonathans junior. Sometimes we feel that we could almost make out a case for lethal chambers.

The members of the Morecambe Council have turned down Mr. Stiggins with a good hard turn. Recently he came along with a proposal that the local trams should not be run on the Sabbath. The proposer and four other bigoted or foolish persons voted for this ridiculous resolution; but thirteen members voted on the other side. These attempts to limit the right of the public to enjoy itself innocently on Sundays are becoming ridiculous. The tone of their sponsors is invariably mediæval. For instance, at Morecambe, one speaker declared that "nothing could be more demoralising than" Sunday tram-running. In face of such statements one has furiously to blink. They are almost incredible. It is impossible to argue profitably with the hind-quarters of an ass, as the Eastern proverb has it. However, protest is necessary when the ass whisks its tail *too* grotesquely. Thus, at Morecambe, there was an ironic whisper of Sunday cooking, and it was also said that "two prominent Wesleyans had been seen riding in a tram-car." That settled it.

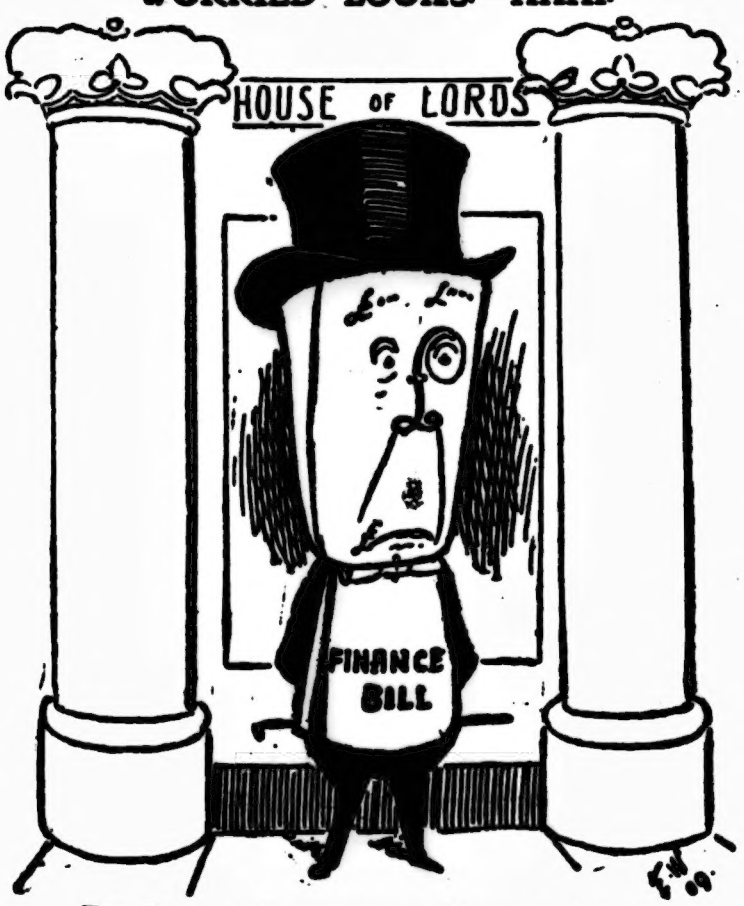
Vanity Fair has printed an amusing article about the boy scouts. It appears that Baden-Powell has been photographed as one of them: "I very much doubt whether he could conduct a scouting party through Hyde Park in that kit without many an uncultured maiden saying, 'E do look nice, don't he?' and inviting him to chase her." The kit, however, does not find favour with our contemporary: "The whole thing is too theatrical. . . . To wear a belt all day is the surest method yet discovered of securing a real bad stomach-ache. . . . Bare knees are simply intolerable in England, both for scouting in bleak winds or amid long nettles. . . . What in the world can beat a pair of grey flannel trousers? Tuck the ends into your socks, and you can do anything from cycling to walking partridges through turnips. But they are a poor courting kit. Quite so, mon general, but you have all the advantages already without that: give the pale scholar a chance. . . . The object of a scout should be to elude observation, not to entice Kodaks. . . . An alpine-stock is ridiculous." We suppose, however, that scouting will soon go out of fashion, even more quickly than its twin brother, ping-pong—especially after the recent tragedy.

The same paper publishes an ancient-looking map and a review of "A Guide to Avebury." Good Lord, we thought, surely there is no need of a guide to the peer with a bee in his beer, to the patron-saint of platitudes. This Avebury, however, turns out to be a buried city, while the bank-holiday banker is still at large. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that Avebury was once populous and important.

It came as a bit of a shock to us to read in a Northern paper that there are such things as "missions to Scotsmen." To the heathen, of course, but to Christian cities like Glasgow and Dundee, not to mention Aberdeen! It seems, however, that we have been deceived by men in London as to the real condition of Caledonia, and that it is still a moderately wild as well as an unalterably stern country. The Unitarians were discoverers of the need of Scotland for added grace and light. They recently sent the Rev. E. T. Russell there to tackle the prevailing darkness; and we have the authority of that gentleman for the statement that on one occasion he "got an audience by getting thirty youngsters to follow him and giving them a penny each." Always the bawbees! Evidently souls remain cheap in Scotland, notwithstanding Mr. Russell's lament that "half the working men are agnostic, and most of them have given up religion." Or perhaps Young Scotland is developing a sense of humour. We hope for the best.

Admiral Sir Douglas A. Gamble will have all his work cut out for him to re-organise the Turkish fleet. We have a vivid recollection of a visit of inspection paid in company with the Vali to a Turkish man-o'-war, the *Mansurah*, which was supposed to be all that was necessary for the defence of the port of Tripoli from the attacks of the Italians, or piratical incursions. Her complement consisted of forty men and twenty officers. She had not been to sea for several years, the last occasion being when orders were received to proceed to Malta. After being away for some weeks, the vessel steamed into the harbour. The Commander calmly reported that Malta no longer existed, having been swallowed up by an earthquake. Most of the iron and copper work had since been sold. In the Turkish services the pay is always several months, and sometimes years, in arrear. It is, therefore, not an unusual sight on market days to see brave Turkish soldiers (and the late Sir Howard Russell used to say that they were the bravest and worst led soldiers in the world) selling bread and other surplus rations, the Government finding it more convenient to make payment in kind rather than in hard cash, usually a very scarce commodity in the Turkish Public Treasury.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XXXI.



THE FINANCE BILL AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For the following recipe :—"Barberry Preserve.—One dozen cambric nightdresses, 1 dozen powdered sugar, heat in pan gently, and boil together for 10 or 15 minutes. Take off the scum, put into pots, and tie down with thick paper."

THE BRADFORD DAILY ARGUS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the late Mr. Chas. Morrison left "at least 100 per cent. less than the 12 millions with which his estate is credited,"

TRUTH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "he is now dressing his OWN *tripe and heels."*

J. ECKERSALL, OF BURY NEW ROAD, PRESTWICH.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following candid heading :—"Donkeys at the People's Palace. Aristocratic Visitors in the East End."

THE BETHNAL GREEN NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the police have to awaken people who sleep on the Embankment in case they are dead."

THE OBSERVER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report of a "Tattooed Lady Mystery.—The strange mystery of a tattooed woman, who lost her memory in a train, and died Friday without uttering a word, is engaging the attention of the Reading police. When the lady had recovered sufficiently to be interrogated, she declared that she could not remember who she was or where she came from. Friday the woman died in the workhouse. Not a single word did she utter from the time she was found."

THE SHEPTON MALLET JOURNAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "Woman wanted, take charge of wrapping girls,"

THE PETROS CYCLE CO.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "I hope to be opened on or before the 18th with a good show of wet, dry, and fried fish,"

J. BASFORD (of Wembley)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the furniture was DISCOVERED *in an* EMPTY ROOM,"

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Army dirigible was brought out at Aldershot and made a series of SCENTS,"

THE IPSWICH EVENING STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "an egg will float at the BOTTOM *of the bowl,"*

THE BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the chauffeur to Colonel Fitz-George was summoned at Kingston for driving A HAM, *and that Colonel Fitz-George occupied a seat motor-car at a speed of 28 miles an hour at in Court,"*

THE BRISTOL EVENING TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating at a distribution of prizes that a competitor "fell and cut both knees early in the race," and that "that was the sort of thing they wanted to encourage,"

MR. A. M. SYDNEY-TURNER (of Brighton)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Vicar of Tilty (Rev. E. G. Maxted) was nominated as a LADY *visitor in connection with the Children's Act,"*

THE CLACTON-ON-SEA GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IS MARK TWAIN DEAD?

By G. W. Foote.

Mark Twain's autobiography threatens to run into several folio volumes. An instalment of it has just been published by Harper Brothers, of New York and London, under the title of "Is Shakespeare Dead?" I have read this book, and I feel that the same question needs asking about Mark Twain.

There seems a good deal of "Twain" and very little "Mark" in this volume. A few flashes of the old humour occur in reference to Eve and Satan, and the Mississippi pilot who read Macbeth's apostrophe to the ghost of Banquo aloud, interlarding it with strongly flavoured nautical observations to the man at the wheel. But all the rest is dull, deadly dull—and utterly foolish. The author forgets that a debater cannot be as irresponsible as a humorist. If he argues a case he must be bound by the laws of logic. He must also be bound by the rules of evidence, and evidence means facts, and there is "a plentiful lack" of knowledge of the facts in these pages.

Mark Twain's book might be called "Shakespeare, Bacon, and Bad Eggs." The eggs are *all* bad. A rational man, of literary tastes, has to hold his nose over them.

Fifty years ago Mark was bitten by poor Delia Bacon's craze that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Mark has been suffering ever since, and now publishes his malady to the world. There comes a time when sufferers *must* talk—and Mark has reached it.

Mark Twain says he is "sure that Shakespeare *didn't*", and "strongly suspects that Bacon *did*" write the plays and poems. In supporting this theory he shows he is determined to beat Bernard Shaw out of the field.

Why is he "sure" that Shakespeare did not write the plays and poems? He argues from Shakespeare's "ignorance," but this simply means Mark Twain's ignorance. He keeps saying of large portions of Shakespeare's life that this or that period was a blank. Yes, a blank to Mark Twain; but it wasn't a blank to Shakespeare. Nothing is known, he says, because nothing happened. Nonsense, Mark, nonsense! You ought to know better. You allege that "there is no *evidence* in existence" that Shakespeare "ever went to school at all." But you can't base an argument on that, for there is no evidence that he didn't. Certain things are presumable. And even if Shakespeare never went to school at all, it doesn't follow that a brain of his capacity could not learn to read and write. William Cobbett never had a day's schooling, yet who ever wrote English with greater force and accuracy? And did not he write the best English Grammar—yes, and the best French Grammar—ever published?

Surprise is expressed at Shakespeare's not being a celebrity at Stratford—which, by the way, was not "a small back settlement," but an important town at that time. Now this is a sad want of imagination on Mark Twain's part. Shakespeare's plays and poems were not known then as they are now. The plays can hardly be said to have been published at all except at the theatre; and the inhabitants of Stratford understood its greatest citizen as little as Mark Twain understands him to-day.

It is Mark's ignorance, again, that makes him astonished at the "little" we know of Shakespeare. Investigation would show him that we know more of Shakespeare than of other dramatists of the time. Men of great tragic genius like Webster and Ford have left hardly any record. "The lives of our dramatists of 'the great race,'" as Hartley Coleridge remarked, "are provokingly barren of incident." Mark Twain is hopelessly out of the argument in supposing (as he clearly does on page 35) that we ought to know Shakespeare's life as well as we know the lives of Bacon and Raleigh. He refers to these as "distinguished literary folk," but if they had been no more than that their biographies would have been scanty. Raleigh was famous as a soldier, a sailor, an adventurer, a politician, a royal favourite, and one who perished on the scaffold. Bacon was a public character, a man of affairs, a courtier, a statesman, a Lord Chancellor.

What can one say of Mark Twain's effort at proving that Shakespeare could not write poetry? After denying that he wrote what was printed and acted under his name while he was living, Mark claims for him the authorship of the doggerel cut on his tombstone when he was dead. Mark is quite proud of this point. He introduces it again and again. But how about the "evidence"? I ask him, in his own style, *when* and *where* did Shakespeare write those lines? Answer the question, Mark. You say those lines were Shakespeare's "one poem." Please prove your statement.

I believe Mark Twain has read Shakespeare. I am pretty sure he has not read Bacon. But I have; and I say that anyone who has read the works of Shakespeare and the works of Bacon, and thinks that both were written by the same man, is devoid of literary discrimination.

The Baconians all use mechanical tests. Mark Twain does. His great argument, borrowed from Mr. Greenwood, is that the plays show intimate knowledge of law and must have been written by a lawyer: Shakespeare was not a lawyer; Bacon was, and therefore Bacon wrote the plays. Here are two assumptions. It cannot possibly be proved that Shakespeare could not get his law terms right, just as he got his other terms right; in fact, he has been "proved" to have belonged to ever so many trades and professions. Nor does it follow that Bacon wrote the plays, even if Shakespeare did not. There is not a single fact connecting him with their authorship, and there is a colossal fact to the contrary—the fact that he was utterly incapable of writing them. Mark Twain quotes the magnificent prophecy of Prospero, and says that Bacon "could have written this." What reason does he give? He quotes passages from Macaulay's eulogy of Bacon. But what we want is a passage from Bacon himself in any way resembling or approaching that matchless utterance. To prove what a man *can* do you must show what he has *done*.

Bacon's mind was very different from Shakespeare's—and far inferior. The smaller might have been cut out of the larger without leaving an incurable wound. Bacon was indeed a highly superior Polonius. His mind was of the formal order. Shakespeare's was spontaneous. "There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon," Landor said, "as between an American forest and a London timber yard."

Bacon was a master of English, though nothing like the master that Shakespeare was. Mark Twain may easily satisfy himself of a peculiar difference between them. Bacon wrote to the eye—Shakespeare wrote to the ear. Bacon's finest passages cannot be read aloud with ease. Shakespeare's lines flow freely from the tongue and cause no difficulty in respiration. No other dramatist is within measurable distance of him in this respect. And a part of the explanation is that he was an actor himself. He worked in the theatre, wrote for the theatre, and made his fortune by the theatre. "But it is not good," said Bacon, "to stay too long in the theatre." And Bacon didn't.

Bacon was cold-blooded. Look at his legal and political career. Look at his marriage. Look at his "Essay on Love." Who can read that tepid and cynical essay and imagine that *he* wrote "Romeo and Juliet"? Shakespeare had passion as well as intellect and imagination. I cannot recall one brave sentence in the whole of Bacon's writings. I can recall any number in Shakespeare.

Bacon was intensely occupied with his legal work, his political career, and his philosophical projects. His writings are as voluminous as Shakespeare's. Yet we are asked to believe that in odd moments he turned out dramatic masterpieces at the rate of two a year.

We know what Bacon *could* write in the way of poetry. He versified some of the Psalms. Charity draws a veil over the performance.

Bacon lived nine years after Shakespeare. How was it he produced not one play during that time, nor a single line of verse, except those unfortunate Psalms?

The folio of 1623 (Mark calls it "the quarto") was issued by Shakespeare's old colleagues, who spoke of him as dead (though Bacon was still living) and regretted that he did not live to see the collected edition of his plays through the press himself. Ben Jonson's commendatory verses said things of Shakespeare that could not possibly apply to Bacon. In his "Discoveries," Jonson refers to both of them again, as persons of his acquaintance, the one a great public speaker, and the other a writer of plays. Is it conceivable that an uneducated, lumpish actor could induce Ben Jonson to regard him as the author of "Hamlet"?

The American humorist — or ex-humorist — gives Shakespeare three hundred years to get off his pedestal. I guess he will stay there longer, and have the laugh over his forgotten critic. Shakespeare is not dead, nor likely to be. It is Mark Twain who is dead—or dying.

SERVANTS.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

I wonder whether there would be any domestics under a Socialistic state. Would our new tyrants proclaim that, all persons being equal, service is humiliating and intolerable? Or would they admit that division of labour is essential, that an engineer or an author or a watchmaker would be wasting time in scrubbing floors or cooking kippers?

Miserable Menials.

I certainly wish that a decree might issue from Cæsar Augustus to the effect that servants are useless, dangerous and ought to be abolished. Then perhaps somebody would invent automatic servants or teach monkeys to wait at table. At present, servants are a necessary evil. They lie, steal, pick, eavesdrop, gossip, neglect their work, wax fat and kick, get drunk, grudge if they be not satisfied. Their one object in life seems to be to combine a minimum of work with a maximum of amusement, to turn their situations into sumptuous sinecures.

Ancient Retainers.

In old days, when I was a boy, servants were a very different kind of animal. They were more like feudal retainers, sharing the joys and sorrows of their masters, beaming with gratitude for a kind word, thankful for the smallest indulgence. They were herded in garrets, they fed on scraps, they never dreamed of baths, the suggestion that they should walk out and take the air would have been regarded as a monstrous impertinence. I remember remarking to an old lady how strange it was that they seemed to thrive without exercise. "Oh!" she replied, "they do go out sometimes. They take turns to attend church on Sundays, and in the summer-time I occasionally send them out in the woods to pick flowers for me." What a contrast to the modern attitude! Why, nowadays, before we can ask anyone to lunch or dinner, we have to reflect whether it is the cook's evening out or Belinda's weekly afternoon. When we take a new house, we must see to it that there are not too many stairs, lest the servants should suffer from fatigue. Some of us almost apologise whenever we ring the bell.

Subjection to Servants.

Mind you, I am not suggesting that we should go back to the old methods of serfdom. I am very glad that my menials should enjoy opportunities for culture (by the yellow press) and exercise (by the hedgerows). I should be the last to interfere even with their amours, though the policeman drinks my port and leaves his buttons in my soup. But the line must be drawn somewhere, and I draw it when I am threatened with becoming a servant of servants, like Ham the accursed. To take quite a democratic point of view, it is not fair that I should pay people to relieve me of household cares and that they should deliberately add to them. It is not my idea of a decent division of labour.

Echoes of Oppression.

Of course some allowance must be made for the fact that servants are necessarily drawn from the least lovely strata of society: no human being with an ounce of self-respect would consent to don livery while there is a single job available at a factory, while a single plot of ground remains untilled even in cannibal islands. A servant, therefore, is either a bully or a worm, and possesses all the vices of the rayah who has suffered centuries of oppression. Low cunning, spying, covert insolence, petty theft, prevarication, are all a second nature. I have rarely met a servant who could look me straight in the face, or who possessed the rudiments of honour. If I possess any very private papers, or if Mrs. Crow receives a box of sweetmeats from Boissier or Kugler, they must always be kept under lock and key. Even then I do not feel perfectly safe. I tremble to think what happens at home when I go off on a marauding expedition to Monte Carlo or Baghdad. I expect my bed is slept in by the grooms, my clothes are worn by the footmen, my library is turned into a village club and pot-house. Some day I shall return suddenly like a thief in the night and turn those wicked servants into the outer darkness, amid wailing and gnashing of teeth. But then I shall not know where to look for more faithful retainers. There is none that doeth good, no not one. I am probably much happier in my ignorance.

Thankless Thugs.

What I most dislike about servants is the way they presume upon good-nature. Give them an inch and they snatch a mile. Suppose you are indulgent one evening and forego a customary service: for instance, your valet may have neuralgia, and you offer to take off your own boots. The beggar will assume that he is excused for evermore. Go away for a few months and leave the household to eat their heads off on board wages; there will be almost a mutiny if you remain at home during the same period of the following year. Send them to a local entertainment once and they will expect front seats whenever strolling players come your way. I remember a striking instance of this mental attitude. A distinguished Frenchman of my acquaintance took a house in London and treated his maids as he would have done in France, almost as humble friends. Instead of thinking to herself "What a nice, kind gentleman this is," the parlourmaid immediately proceeded to take liberties. One day, when there were guests at lunch, she suddenly exclaimed, "I'm that thirsty this 'ot weather," and proceeded to raise a decanter to her lips.

French Leave.

There is one consolation for us in the fact that most continental servants are far worse than our own. I shall never forget the terrible time I went through when I took a house near Paris. The servants did precisely what they pleased, went out whenever the fancy took them without a word of warning, invited all their friends in at all hours, laughed at the simplest order, and invented so many wild stories about me that life was scarcely to be borne. And the worst of it was that, if ever I remonstrated, they had a very simple answer:—"Oh! well, if you are not satisfied, I'm off." And off they would go, so soon as they could pack. There was no redress, for French law allows these quick changes during the first eight days of an engagement. Moreover, Disraeli said "Departures should be sudden." All the same, I hated cleaning my own boots, scrubbing my own floor and lighting the kitchen fire, though I did cook the best dinners ever eaten.

Italian Insolence.

I once stayed in a house where the servants (a man and wife) were Italian. My hostess had been told that the way to treat a domestic of that nationality was "as a younger sister." The result was that Marietta stroked her master's hair and pulled his beard at lunch, while Francesco thought nothing of sitting down in the drawing-room with a squalling baby on his knee.

Chinese Labour.

Black servants are excellent, if you know how to manage them, but it is not everybody who can command their affection and respect. This is best done, as I found while roaming over Afric's golden sand, by combining strict military discipline with affability and occasional gifts of sheep and loin-cloths. It is best to choose Muhammadans, for they will not drink your wine. Sometimes I think I shall stock my house with Chinamen, for they are clean, hard-working and ingenious. But I am told that if you annoy them they have a playful habit of stabbing you in the back. So perhaps, after all, it is best to put up with British sluts.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

June 22nd. Arthur Bourchier.

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.—*Chas. Churchill.*

June 22nd. H. Rider Haggard.

A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.—*Shakespeare.*

June 24th. Lord Kitchener.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and the steel couch of war,
My thrice-driven bed of down.—*Shakespeare.*

June 25th. Sir Eldon Gorst.

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!—*Shakespeare.*

BRITISH CITIZENSHIP GOING CHEAP.

BY GEO. A. MACDONALD.

The dapper clerk turned on his high stool and nodded a friendly recognition to me. "Mr. Smith'll be free in a moment, sir. He's only taking some affidavits."

The solicitor's door opened and there emerged first a dark, slightly-built Jewish-looking lawyer's clerk, then a grey-bearded unwashed person, clad—as Mr. Anstey's Baboo would put it—"in garbage of unparagoned shabbiness"; lastly, three or four nondescript men with large warm-looking noses of the type which, accurately or otherwise, one always associates with the convivial rather than the industrial temperament. There lingered behind them an atmosphere reminiscent of gin, garlic, peppermint, and old clothes. Mr. Smith was opening the window as I entered his room. Then he lit a cigarette and pushed the case across to me. I accepted the suggestion with alacrity.

"Who are your friends?" said I.

Smith shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know," he replied. "Just swore them to some naturalisation papers. That's all. Whew!" he added, blowing a cloud of smoke, "Leave the door open a minute, old chap. I noticed he was described in the memorial as a dealer in skins."

"Curious sort of person he looked. Who was he?"

"A Polish Russian Jew, or an Armenian, or something—it doesn't much matter. In about a fortnight's time, he'll be an Englishman—same as you and me."

"What?" I said incredulously.

"Yes," went on Smith, "an A1 first chop, sho'nuff Englishman. Full and equal rights and all that, doncher-know. Nine little Zekkels, too, at home, the memorial says, and there'll be a big, fat, silent Russian or Swedish mother at home somewhere down Whitechapel way who will see them through all right. They'll change the name, of course, presently, to help 'em in business. The same lawyers will show them how to do it cheap. Take a Scottish name probably—one with a sterling ring about it and some gutturals for choice, so as to come easy for the children. McGregor, perhaps," he added, laughing.

"You don't mean to tell me that they step at once into the full rights——"

"I do," interrupted Smith. "The old chap's past the age to serve on a jury. But he's all right for parish relief if he wants it, and he'll get his old-age pension all right if he lives long enough. And the children come under the Council School arrangements, and the old lady has the run of the hospitals and charities. In fact, the amenities of the British Empire are at their disposal."

"And what does it all cost them?" I enquired.

"£5 10s.," replied Smith.

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And now if what is written sounds intemperate, please remember that the full import of this thing has been brought home to me with suddenness, and if it seems unduly to vaunt British citizenship, let it be urged in extenuation that an outspoken pride in our national heritage is to-day less noticeable than it used to be. The discordant sounds are at present so shrill, the belittlers are so prominent, the discontented so outspoken, that we are sometimes in danger of forgetting what British nationality really means. Think for a moment. Allow for all its faults, and it is still the widest and fairest empire, the most free and the most just Government the world has ever seen.

And we sell the birthright for £5 10s. "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," said the Chief Captain to St. Paul. To-day £5 10s. serves as a passport for regions Cæsar never knew. "As the Roman in days of old held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." Palmerston is but a memory now; and the spirit and temper of Palmerston, either in its strength or its weakness, is not much noticeable in our politics. And the Don Pacifico incident is forgotten. It is worth while, however, to remember that the individual whose grievance evoked the words quoted, was a Mediterranean Jew who happened to be a British subject, and that the British fleet sailed under orders on his account.

So you see British naturalisation includes the services of a long as well as a strong arm, and the alien is not slow to perceive it. True the native born at times thinks lightly of his privileges. Some "citizens of Wandsworth" formulated a few days ago a resolution against militarism based on the alleged fact that they have no country worth defending. But the despised and rejected of Europe have no delusions on that score, and they flock in. What does British nationality mean to them? Freedom from conscription and the knout, from sjambok and bastinado. Freedom to sweat the native born. Freedom to form unespionaged clubs, to mutter and plot, to discuss strange creeds and subversive politics. Freedom to proclaim what they like in public places, relying confidently that big beefy British policemen will protect speakers from any active expressions of dissent.

So much they can have for the mere coming, and the £5 10s. will add the rest. Zekkel's vote will cancel yours at the election. Zekkel's children jostle yours at the Council School, and in the shops and offices. Zekkel's children grow up and commercially successful shall raise their voices in Parliament on questions of colonies and tariffs and fleets.

Small wonder they flock in, Russian and Pole, Swede and Croat, German and Oriental. Not races who spend money lightly. They quite understand. £5 10s.—"all in." Just five years' residence, subsidised or otherwise. No enquiry as to previous career in the country of origin; byegones are byegones. No enquiry as to possible advantage or otherwise to this country in accepting the new recruit for the British Empire. Just a memorial and an oath of allegiance and the qualified testimony of four householders, and the assistance of someone who has education enough to fill up a few forms printed in English. Just £5 10s., and you are heir of it all. Reborn—into the land and the law and the freedom that the Saxon and Norman won, and that Pitt and Cromwell defended; into the Empire that Clive and Warren Hastings extended and Nelson and Wellington maintained. Merely £5 10s. and it is all yours, with a vote and a voice equal to anybody else's. Going, gentlemen, at any time. Going! going! going! Small enquiry, immaterial references, no publicity. There is no reserve price. Walk up! walk up! The widest empire in the world. Free speech, free action. No starvation permitted. Old Age Pensions provided. Right to work at your own fixed rate of wages shortly to be conceded. £16,000,000 a year in Poor Relief, and goodness knows how many millions a year in charities. Going, gentlemen, going for £5 10s., with the use of British gunboats in any part of the earth, if you happen to need them.

* * * * * * *

Speaking soberly. We are at a stage of social evolution in this country when it behoves us to consider with care the terms upon which aliens shall be permitted into the commonwealth. The whole trend of public opinion, and of the legislation which after all is but the outward and visible sign of that opinion, indicates the approach of a new era. An era of which the activities of current politics are but the dust and smoke. The tendency to make the care and development of the individual a responsibility of the community—"to strengthen and equip at the general expense the lower and weaker against the higher and wealthier classes"—has now gone beyond all stopping. For good or for evil we seem in for a full measure of the experiment. But the experiment must involve—and the exponents of Socialism are not always quite candid on this point—an amount of discipline and control for the individual little dreamt of by those to whom the street-corner preaching of the new doctrines so strongly appeals. For its own preservation the State will have to control the quality and the quantity of its constituents. If it does not do so, the lower and weaker will pour in and multiply until they are crawling over one another and choking the wheels of the State machinery. The State will certainly protect itself against this. And it is already matter for consideration whether the elaborate and costly organisation of this country is not placed at the disposal of members of other nations on absurdly easy terms.

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TO DAY with numberless improvements -the result of experience-

Stephens' Ink

is by far the most fluid and reliable ink in the world.

THE BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE DIRECTORS.

As our readers know, we have frequently spoken highly of this Society, and have advised small depositors and others to place their monies with it. We shall not, then, as we hope, be accused of any ill-feeling towards the Society in making the observations contained in this article. It has done a great work for the thrifty investor in the past. It is doing a good work now, and we hope to see it once more thriving and expanding. But it often happens that a company or society that can look back upon a long record of highly prosperous management passes into a less prosperous stage, where the prestige won in other years covers weaknesses that, if not dealt with, may seriously curtail its prosperity, and injure its repute. It seems to us that to some extent this remark applies to the Birkbeck Building Society as at present placed.

We have before us the 58th Annual Report and Accounts of the society, from which it appears that on March 31st last the liabilities to shareholders and depositors amounted to £11,850,000, and assets to £12,253,000. The assets, according to the published accounts, are made up as follows :—

Monies advanced on mortgage, including interest	£760,000
Money at call, short loans and advances	884,000
Investments	8,729,000
Ground Rents	434,000
Bank Premises..	270,000
Cash balances amounting to ..	1,176,000
	£12,253,000

It will be seen that these figures show on paper a surplus of approximately £403,000, but at the annual meeting of the Society on the 3rd inst., it was complained, not without reason, that information which would enable shareholders to ascertain the true position of the Society, and its progress or otherwise, has been withheld.

It may be remembered that prior to the last annual meeting, the accounts had been audited by two gentlemen, neither of whom was a qualified professional accountant. At that meeting it was stated by the directors that the retirement of one of these auditors was considered a fitting opportunity to appoint Messrs. Deloitte and Co. auditors, and that the accounts of the society would for the future be audited by them in conjunction with Mr. Kennaby, one of the previous auditors. This announcement was received with great satisfaction. It had long been felt that whatever the capacity of the two unprofessional gentlemen who had been auditors of the Society ever since it was founded, it was desirable that the accounts of an institution doing the enormous business done by the Birkbeck Building Society should be audited by a professional firm of the highest repute, and that their certificate should be attached as an assurance that the position of the Society was correctly shown upon the balance sheet. But we notice that the accounts for the year ended March 31st, last, have been certified, not by Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., but by Mr. Kennaby, one of the old unprofessional auditors, and by Mr. T. M. Scott, described as an incorporated accountant, a gentleman who is a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Deloitte and Co. In addition to the certificate signed by the auditors, there is appended to the balance sheet one by Messrs. Deloitte and Co. The certificate of the auditors is as follows :—

> "The foregoing accounts, together with the Vouchers and Securities, have been examined by us and found to be correct."

The certificate given by Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. is as below :—

> "We have verified the Cash Balances and the existence and safe custody of the Investments and Mortgages set out in the above Balance Sheet, and we have also satisfied ourselves that the dividends and interest have been duly accounted for."

It will be noted that neither of these certificates mentions the basis on which the investments have been valued.

At the annual meeting several shareholders raised the question, one pointing out that if the investments should be found to be subject to a depreciation of even 5 per cent., not only would the surplus of £430,000 entirely disappear, but the Society would be on the wrong side to the extent of something like £34,000. The same shareholder quoted figures in support of his contention that the business of the Society was not of the progressive character which the report would lead one to suppose. He pointed out that its cash turnover, as shown by the published cash account, had diminished from upwards of 45 millions in the year ended March 31st, 1906, to £38,500,000 in the year under review, whilst, on the other hand, the management expenses, which in 1906 amounted to £40,000, had in 1909 increased to £48,300. In other words, while the cash turnover of the Society had in four years diminished to the extent of 15 per cent., the management expenses had increased to the tune of 18 per cent.

At the meeting, several shareholders desired to raise the question of the retirement of certain directors. They wanted to know why these directors had retired, and we think it was a very legitimate enquiry. Unfortunately, the chairman did not see his way to give any information on the point, and discussion was successfully burked.

We should like answers to the following questions :—

(1) Why did Mr. Ernest Runtz, who had been trustee and director of the Society for a great number of years, and whose father (Sir James Runtz) was one of the original founders of the Society, retire from his Trustee-ship and resign his seat on the Board ?

(2) Why did Mr. W. Leggatt, a well-known and capable London solicitor, resign his seat on the Board and sever his connection with the Society ?

(3) What induced action to be taken against the trustees of the Society in regard to the manner in which its funds have been invested by them, and what was the upshot of the litigation ?

(4) What is the amount of the investments or sums due from the Birkbeck Freehold Land Society, the Birkbeck Share and Debenture Trust, and other Societies practically part and parcel of the same organization, to the Birkbeck Building Society ?

(5) Is it a fact that during the last six years only 3 per cent. has been written off for depreciation on investments valued at upwards of nine millions, and is it also not the fact that the investments now shown in the balance sheet have been taken at considerably more than their present market value ?

(6) Why is it that the note as to the value of the investments which appeared on the balance sheet of the Society prior to 1907 is not to be found on the accounts of last year and this ?

(7) Is it not a fact that at the annual meeting of 1903 several shareholders moved for the appointment of a committee of investigation, and were dissuaded from pressing the matter to a resolution on the assurance of the chairman that a committee would be appointed ? If that be so, why has no committee been nominated ?

(8) Finally, why was no report of the Society's annual meeting in 1908, and again this year, sent to the public Press ?

We hope the authorities of the Society will see their way to answer these questions, and, if those answers are reassuring, we shall have very great pleasure in publishing them.

THIRD-CLASS SHIP PASSENGERS.

MESSRS. GEORGE THOMPSON AND CO.'S REJOINDER.

In our issue of June 5th, we referred to the action of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company in providing better accommodation for third-class passengers than has hitherto been the case, and we added that when the Germans have collared a few more of these "lower class of passengers" our own companies may wake up to the fact that there is money in it. Upon this Messrs. George Thompson and Co., the well-known shipowners, of the Aberdeen Line, write to us from Billiter Square as follows :—

> We notice in your issue of the 5th instant a paragraph indicating that the N.D.L. have introduced a type of third-class accommodation superior to that existing on any British steamers.
>
> No doubt, having adopted the name of JOHN BULL, you feel it necessary to adopt also this gentleman's traditional policy of ignoring home virtues and foreign faults; but we enclose for your inspection particulars of our steamers *Moravian* and *Salamis*, which we claim to have the most luxurious third-class accommodation of any vessels in the world, and shall be glad to know if you can show us anything superior.

We have looked over the particulars referred to by Messrs. Thompson and Co., and they certainly bear out their description of the accommodation provided for third-class passengers. We are very glad to find that one British company anyway is alive to the requirements of the times.

Black Cat MEDIUM Cigarettes

10 for 2½d.

Manufactured under ideal conditions from selected fuller flavoured and heavier leaves of the same famous choice 1904 crop of finest matured Virginia Tobacco as the Black Cat Mild Cigarettes, with their delightful aroma. The best quality, heaviest weight, and fullest value are positively given in these Cigarettes at the lowest possible price.

Then why pay 3d.?

Black Cat Mild Cigarettes

(a milder, larger and heavier weight Cigarette than the Medium). 10 for 3d.

None better at any price.

Then why pay 3½d.?

Of all Tobacconists, or from GARRERAS, LTD., 7 Wardour Street, LONDON, W. Established 1788.

SIBERIAN PROPRIETARY MINES.

COMPANY REPORTED TO BE IN A STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION.

The third ordinary general meeting of the Siberian Proprietary Mines, Limited, was held on June 8th, at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. James Christopher Williamson (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman proposed that Mr. J. D. Cohn, who was appointed a director of the board since the previous ordinary general meeting, be re-elected

Mr. Hooper seconded the motion, which was carried.

The Chairman further moved the re-election of Mr. Hooper, remarking that in that gentleman they had a director who devoted an immense amount of time to the affairs of the company. He was, in fact, one of the most hard-working directors it would be possible to find in the City of London.

Mr. J. D. Cohn seconded the resolution, which was agreed to.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. were re-appointed auditors, and the proceedings terminated.

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OUR EDUCATION AUTHORITIES.

STRIKING REPRIMAND OF A BALDOCK SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Who shall say that the educational interests of the rising generation are not being carefully guarded by the authorities? Every County Council has its Education Committee, and every Education Committee has its Education and Assistant Education Officer to keep their eyes on the masters and mistresses of the schools. Now, the Assistant Education Officer of the Hertfordshire County Council Education Committee is Mr. J. P. Sambels—and there is no nonsense about Sambels. He has some very official letter paper, decorated with the arms of the county, and on it he indites scathing reprimands to backsliding teachers—calculated to inspire terror in their hearts.

For instance, at Easter last, Miss Hughes, the mistress at Norton School, Baldock, was a few days late in forwarding her quarterly return ("E 56" it is called in official language), and having her attention directed to the fact by the ever-vigilant Sambels—there is no eluding Sambels!—she replied by presenting her compliments, as a lady might, and explaining the cause of the delay. We do not know whether there is a Mrs. Sambels, but whether there be or not, Miss Hughes is evidently of a cautions and retiring temperament, and she is careful to avoid any appearance of undue familiarity in her correspondence with the only other sex; and hence she adopted the third person method of reply—thereby saving herself from the embarrassing necessity of using any term of endearment. But Sambels is no believer in *belles lettres;* he doesn't call a spade "an agricultural implement"—to him it is a "blooming shovel." And so he waxed exceeding wrath with Mistress Hughes. The emblazoned letter-paper was called into play, Sambels' trembling hands, labouring under strong emotion, were set to work, and this is what the terrified teacher received:—

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL.
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
COLE GREEN, HERTFORD.
20TH APRIL, 1909.

MADAM,—Your letter of yesterday amounts to an *impertenance.* Your school was closed during Easter which, from our standpoint, amounts to your "keeping holiday," whereas *both* on *Good Friday*, *Easter Sunday* and *Monday* I was for hours engaged on professional work mainly caused by the laxity of teachers. Among their *defaultations* several had omitted to send their Return E.56, *of whom you were one.* Others sent them so incorrect that they would neither add up correctly nor would the averages or percentages work out to the figures given. Claims were sent in for 46 watches, 43 of which had to be returned as incorrectly or imperfectly filled up, and *this* from persons who are supposed to teach promptitude, exactness, tidiness and good manners.

You happily *was* the only one who answered me in the third person.

I am, yours faithfully,
JOHN P. SAMBELS,
Assistant Education Officer.

Miss Hughes,
Norton School, Baldock.

We have not seen Miss Hughes' reply, but would suggest that the following note would have met the case:—

My dear old Samby,—Your letter have cut me to the core. I can't tell you how sorry I is for my transparent impertenance, and how grieved I are to think that whilst I were keeping holiday on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday you was for hours hard at work on both those three days. And to think that I were the only one to answer you in the third person—you, the first person in my thoughts—and, if you must know the truth—in my heart. So there—I have told you. Goodbye, my Samby, my dear old Namby Pamby.

I are, yours *faithfully*
(You understand what I means by that),
MISS HUGHES.

P.S.—Burn this. I doesn't want the County Counsel to see it.

"THE GREAT WHITE CITY."

Last week we had something to say about the state of affairs at the opening of the latest of the Kiralfy shows. Our attention has since been directed to one of the many grievances of which the staff have to complain. It seems that Mr. Kiralfy has made it a condition of service that every employee not engaged on his own particular shows shall hold a half-sovereign ticket of admission during his employment. Mr. Kiralfy levies the charge upon the employer, and the employer has to recover it from the employee. It is true the 10s. is to be refunded, but why levy? And is it likely that in all cases it will be refunded? The way it is done is explained by a correspondent, who writes:—

> I give you herewith the names of two very respectable, even wealthy firms, who are deducting the 10s. from their employees.
>
> Messrs. Valentine (postcards, programmes and so on). These people employ a number of very intelligent young lads and boys. They pay on the average 10s. and 2s. 6d. respectively and commission—very small having regard to sales.
>
> Messrs. Nestlé's Swiss Milk and Chocolate Co. This firm employ some 25 to 30 lads, varying in age from 14 to 20. They were paid 5s. per week and commission last year and were provided with tray and uniform, and the week was made up to each Thursday. They received their money each Friday at about tea-time. Last Friday they naturally expected their money on that evening. They waited up till 10 p.m., receiving no money nor mention of it. On Saturday at tea-time some of them (being hungry) asked for some money (if only on account). This caused the manager to pay the staff, and each was handed a little parcel, which apparently came from the City office and should have been paid out on the Friday. The astonishment of these poor lads can be imagined when they found the little typewritten statement of wages and commission, which instead of being as they anticipated, read as follows:—

Name.	£	s.	d.
Chocolate Sales from May 31st to June 3rd, '09	2	0	0
Commission of 1d. in shilling		3	4
Salary for 4 days at 2s. 6d. per week		1	8
		5	0
Less 2s. 6d. for first instalment towards Pass deposit, which will be refunded		2	6
		2	6

> I need scarcely point out that many of the lads had very little to receive. One had as little as 10d.
>
> These little lads are of poor parents, some even are orphans (got from a Home). They were in a particularly deplorable state nearly all last week, owing to its being their first week and from bad weather. Many of them had not the means to procure any food and can bring little with them. Some of them were absolutely wet-footed the whole time. Their remarks were pitiable in the extreme. These lads live here, there and everywhere, from Shepherd's Bush to Elephant or St. Pancras. It is within my knowledge that some of them set out at 11.15 p.m. on Saturday to walk home. A few were assisted by their sympathetic elders. At present these boys wear last year's old uniforms, but are to have new, for which they fear further deductions to pay for.

What does His Grace the Duke of Argyll and the other noble lords and gentlemen who are sponsoring the Exhibition say to this deduction of 10s. from wages of boys earning 2s. 6d. per week?

"LUNACY SCANDALS."

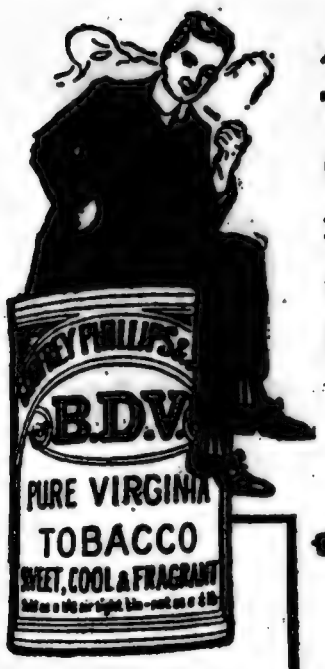
We have received the following:—

Under the heading, "A Lunacy Scandal," perhaps the following would be of interest to you:—

At the Glamorgan County Asylum, Parc Gwyllt, there were two patients who had applied for their discharge many times, one for years. The first, Adrian Ross, wrote to the Commissioners many times. How many of his letters were forwarded unopened immediately? Not one in twenty, if one at all. Last year (the exact date I have not by me at the present time) he escaped. Hiding for fourteen days, he gave himself up to be re-certified (you will know the law on that point). The doctor at the workhouse had him under observation for some time, but could only declare him sane. He is still at liberty, and working also, the last I heard, doing well.

Not long after, another patient, John Coursey, escaped. That man is working as an engine-driver quite near the asylum, or was a short time ago. Why do they not have him re-certified?

But I believe there are to-day many who are quite sane incarcerated in asylums who will in time become insane from their environment.



An **ATTEMPT** has been made by the **GREAT TOBACCO TRUST** to **BOYCOTT** the **GODFREY PHILLIPS** tobaccos, which can no longer be obtained in the shops under their control. In spite of their efforts, the smoker's favourite brands can still be obtained from all INDEPENDENT tobacconists throughout the country.

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Remember—X Y Z can never be B.D.V. and support GODFREY PHILLIPS, the Smoker's friend.

"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. PARKER.

The Monoplane Triumphs.

Mr. Hubert Lathom's last flight on his Antoinette Monoplane is a triumph all the greater because so unexpected by the knowing ones. Nothing since the aeroplane first came before the public has so completely brought flight into the regions of practicability. It has now become a positive certainty that we can fly, and fly at high speed and with comparative safety. Speed is above all things the real desideratum, for in that lies the secret, so far as we can guess, of stabliity and all the other qualities which the aeroplane now lacks. Besides the actual gain in time, it is easy to see the advantages which high speed must give in such a treacherous medium as the air, seldom at rest for any period, and unsuitable for any lengthy evolution. The difference between 20 and 50 miles per hour in the air makes, and always will make, the difference between success and failure. It is a big day this for the aviator, and should be marked with a white stone as the greatest, or, at least, as great an achievement as anything hitherto done even by the Wrights. The great thickness of the wings, amounting to as much as a foot between the upper and lower surfaces at its broadest part, solves the question of rigidity at one blow, and that was supposed to be the inherent difficulty of the single wing machine. At any rate, there are now two well-defined schools, and the struggle for pre-eminence between them will be the keynote of aviation for some time to come.

Not since the times when the Danes landed on our eastern coasts—and that is some time ago—has the Isle of Sheppey rejoiced in such activity. This invasion comes from within, and this time it is London that has sent an army down to occupy the ground. The Messrs. Short have already fifty men at work, and reinforcements are shortly expected. Messrs. Short are at the moment building six aeroplanes to the order of the Wright Brothers there, and are completing their installation as quickly as possible. Mr. Moore-Brabazon has been on the ground almost constantly for the last month, and is only waiting for better weather to try out his Voisin machine, the "Bird of Passage." Meanwhile he has another under construction which embodies some new ideas. Mr. Frank McClean has nearly finished a plane of his own design, and is to take delivery of one of the six Wrights as soon as it can be got. Another Wright plane goes to the Hon. Charles Rolls and Messrs. A. Ogilvie and T. P. Seavright have booked two of the others. Mr. Ernest Pitman, of Bath, has also a Voisin there.

A Cross-Channel Landing Place.

When the Channel is finally conquered, as likely as not it will be found that the landing on the English coast will be made somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rye or Winchelsea. This idea may have weighed with Messrs. Ogilvie and Seavright in their choice of a spot for experimenting with their new Wright machines. They have leased as a flying ground a large acreage at Camber, near the latter place, and are now building an aero shed near the sands, which stretch away uninterrupted for miles and are ideal for experimenting on.

The Perfect Motor.

The quest of the perfect aero motor goes on. That is the trouble, for it is as hard to find as anything else that is perfect in this degenerate world. A short time ago it seemed that the French had got so far ahead in this matter that we would have to be content to import all our aero engines and stick to building the planes alone. But there is a good deal of patriotism left—always supposing that patriotism pays!—and just now several aero motors of home manufacture are on order and anxiously awaited by our Shellbeach pioneers, who are going to give home manufacture a chance now that the foreign article turns out to be far from infallible. We are not so far behind in this matter as people think, but experiments are conducted very quietly and are not being pushed on the market with the same flamboyant confidence that they are abroad.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
SEE PAGE III. OF COVER.

The Strengthening Effect of Electricity.

NO OTHER TREATMENT CAN COMPARE WITH IT.

There are thousands of men going about the world mere pigmies of what they should be, broken down in health both mentally and physically, getting no enjoyment out of life. The man who is weak is an absolute failure. He can accomplish nothing that is worth accomplishing. The man who is strong and robust, on the other hand, has the world before him. Few things to him are impossible; he is eager for work; eager for pleasure. He derives pleasure from the merest details of life. He walks with his head erect, a springy step; he is stamped with that air of confidence which makes him a man. Every weak man can be such a specimen.

The question arises how? Some will say, "I have tried this and that; it did me no good; in fact, it made me worse." Quite so. Many medicines prove more harmful than beneficial in such cases. What the body requires is electricity. It is the motive force of the human machinery. Electricity develops and expands weakened tissue. It is life to the nerves and organs. It fortifies the system against weakness and disease. It drives out weakness by renewing vitality.

For applying electricity to the body in an effective form the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was invented. This wonderful battery is the outgrowth of scientific investigations and discoveries. It is simple to use, and requires no charging. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the eminent electrical expert, has this to say of it: "I have, in the course of my experiments with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which have now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." Such statements as that carry conviction. The "Ajax" Battery has also been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and is endorsed by JOHN BULL.

The most interesting treatise ever published on this subject is free to all who write for it. Every person who feels that his health is not what it should be should write for it at once. A post-card or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring you the book, postage prepaid. To all who can call at the office a free test is offered.—[ADVT.]

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a new suit this summer there is no reason why you should not look smart. By our process we can clean and press clothes so successfully that if in good condition they can be made to look almost as good as new. The cost is only 3/9 for a complete suit, and if required we can execute any necessary repairs and supply new buttons at a reasonable charge. Send us a card and we will post you a copy of "Clothes and the Man," a pamphlet which will interest you. We will also tell you the address of our nearest branch or agency, but if preferred orders may be sent direct to address below. We pay carriage one way.

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BARON OTT.

In our issue of June 5th we published an article headed "Baron Ott," in which we said many uncomplimentary things about him. Baron Ott has since been in communication with us, and denies all the allegations and suggestions contained in the article. We propose, therefore, to go through them *seriatim*.

(1) The suggestion of the article was that Baron Ott has no right to describe himself, as he does, as a Baron of Austria. Baron Ott has shown us documents, which purport to be official papers relating to his family, in which the name Ott appears. We are not able ourselves to gauge the value of these documents, and have not had the opportunity of obtaining expert opinion upon them. Baron Ott assures us that he is the man he represents himself to be, and that his father was aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Austria in 1859. Our scepticism rested on a communication from the Austrian Embassy, in which, in reply to Messrs. Edmonds and Rutherford, solicitors, of Great Winchester Street, the Secretary of the Embassy stated that: "At this Embassy nothing is known about one Adolf Maximilian Ott, neither could any family of the Baron Ott be traced in the 'Almanac de Gotha of Barons.'" We read this to mean that the Austrian Embassy does not recognise Baron Ott as a member of the Austrian nobility.

(2) We said that when Baron Ott left Buenos Aires in 1907 he was owing the Grand Hotel 5,000 dollars. Baron Ott says that he owed them only 3,000 dollars; that his partner, Mr. Finlayson, guaranteed payment, and that the 3,000 dollars will be paid on Mr. Finlayson's return to Buenos Aires, no demand having been made by the proprietor.

(3) We said that, in leaving Buenos Aires in May, 1907, Baron Ott left his wife behind unprovided for. He says that when he left Buenos Aires he did not intend to go beyond Monte Video. In fact, he came to Paris, and immediately afterwards remitted the monies necessary to enable his wife to join him. We are satisfied that these monies were remitted as stated.

(4) We stated that, on their arrival in England, Baron Ott and the lady who was travelling with him stayed at the Hotel Russell, and left without paying their hotel bill. The hotel authorities inform us that Baron Ott now owes them nothing.

(5) We said that whilst in the Argentine, Baron Ott was turned out of the Hurlingham Club there for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and there was trouble on board the *Thames*, the steamer in which he returned to England. So far as the Club episode is concerned, we are satisfied that it is without foundation. Baron Ott ceased to be a member of the Hurlingham Club, but did so because his subscription had expired and was not renewed. As to the trouble on board the *Thames*, that is admitted, but so far as we can see from the facts put before us, Baron Ott was not to blame in the matter.

(6) We said that we had reason to believe that the young man Wood, whose case was before Mr. Justice Darling the other day, and who had contrived to run through £323,000 before he was twenty-five years of age, had been helped to spend his money by Baron Ott. Our statement rested on an affidavit made by Mr. Wood. Baron Ott says he has only known him since he became a bankrupt, and has had none of his money.

(7) Finally, we suggested that "Scotland Yard should have its eye upon Baron Ott." Here our inquiries lead us to think that we went too far. The remark implies that Baron Ott has put himself within reach of the criminal law. Very specific statements were made to us to that effect, which, upon closer inquiry, are not substantiated, and we regret that we gave them publicity.

THE patriotic inhabitants of the ancient town of Colchester have united heart and soul in making the Colchester Pageant—the first public performance of which is fixed for Monday next—the most beautiful of the series of historic shows which Mr. Louis Parker has organised. The performers number three thousand, from children of three or four years of age to veterans of full three score years and ten. All the performers have provided their own beautiful dresses. Indeed, without some such aid it is difficult to see how the Pageant could be a financial success. The equestrianship is of a very high order—a striking contrast to that in some recent pageants. At the Press performance, the sun was conspicuous by its absence, but even then the artistic grouping of the masses of performers, dressed in brilliant colours, was a spectacle which is not likely to be soon forgotten by the beholders.

12/6 POST FREE (at our risk)

Send us 12/6, and we shall post you, free of charge, at our risk, three bottles of Somerville's Scotch—the finest whisky Scotland produces—every drop guaranteed *more than* 10 *years old*. If you are not absolutely satisfied we will refund your money.

6 bottles (Carriage Paid to your Railway Station) **24/6**
12 bottles (Carriage Paid to your Railway Station) **48/-**

Sample Half-Bottle, Post Free 2/3

Fill up the coupon and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY.
JOHN SOMERVILLE & CO., LTD., Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh
(Estd. 1826.)

SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM.

To Messrs. JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., Ltd., Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance, value....., for which please send me.....bottles of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed 10 years old Scotch Whisky on condition that if it is not the finest whisky I have ever tasted I shall be entitled to have my money refunded. J.B., 19/6/09.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Tommy Atkins, Union Jack Club, London.

MY DEAR THOMAS,—You will be charmed to hear that the Army Council, ever considerate of the earthly needs of private soldiers, have recently had before them the question as to what they can do to prove their affection for those who have married off the strength. I need not tell you that marriages off the strength increase year by year, with the result that privates have to store their wives in all sorts of odd corners. Recognising this, my martial friends, the Army Council, have issued an Order in which they explain in firm language that while they cannot encourage the lamentable indiscretion of marrying without the leave of the Colonel, they do not desire to hamper good soldiers with wives in hiding. They have, therefore, sanctioned that a certain number of you may invite your wives to bring their boxes and live inside when there is surplus accommodation, subject to the condition that they are in the blissful possession of clean sheets. They may consist of a series of holes sewn together, they may be white or cream, of calico or fine linen, embroidered or plain, but they must be thoroughly acquainted with soap.

I do hope, my dear Thomas, that your comrades will not mingle lamentation with their rejoicings on this account. Having taken his wife and his clean sheets to barracks, all that remains for the private to do is to pay 1s. 6d. a week for extra lodging-money, and this the lady will have an opportunity of recouping by taking in washing on her personal account. With luck, even the sheets of the officers may come her way. For the British officer loveth a good washerwoman; and, loving her, will trust her even with his pyjamas. I shall, however, be delighted to have the views of Mrs. Atkins when she has time to put down the baby and take up her pen. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Priestley, 6, Church Street, Wyke, near Bradford.

MY DEAR MADAME,—With unfeigned sorrow, I learn that the spooks have been creating a series of discreditable disturbances in your happy, peaceful home—disturbances all the more disgraceful because you are an aged and infirm lady who has lived in the township for forty years.

I cannot blame you for calling in your next-door neighbour, Mrs. Smith, to come and put the things straight. But, undoubtedly, the better plan would have been for you to have thrown up the window and called a policeman. I am persuaded that if you had taken this course, the spooks would have disappeared post haste. As it was, you and Mrs. Smith had no sooner "got things to rights a bit" in the front room and closed the door behind you, than the spooks got at it again; for on returning you discovered that they had thrown a chair and a small table upon the bed, cast the mantelpiece ornaments upon the floor, moved a pillow from the head to the foot of the bed, "etc.," as the descriptive reporter comprehensively puts it. Neither yourself nor Mrs. Smith—bless her dear heart!—tells us whether or not the spooks hung the piano on the hat-rack and placed the fireirons in the umbrella stand.

You and Mrs. Smith commenced to tidy up once more, but with so little permanent effect that the goods again started jumping around. It surprised me not at all that by this time you felt dead tired. I can even imagine your saying to yourself, my dear madame, "Oh, botheration, let 'em jump! I'm going to sit down." Sit down you did, at any rate. To their eternal shame be it said that the spooks selected this solemn moment of rest to commit upon you an outrageous assault, in the presence of Mrs. Smith. Stretching forth their invisible hands, they grasped a sofa-cover, and hit you with it across the face. This was too much for you, and with Mrs. Smith you fled the room in alarm, only to find other spooks throwing things about in the kitchen, while in the passage a cane-bottomed chair, more bedevilled than the far-famed pigs of Gadara, flew out of the back door into the garden. If it happens to have taken root, and is by this time metamorphosed as a choice clump of champagne rhubarb, please reserve me one piece as a memento of the event. I should cherish it as a walking-stick. Then, when a friend entered your house to offer his sympathy, he saw the front-room hearthrug "slowly roll itself up before his very eyes." I am not only overwhelmed by this corroborative testimony, but transfixed with wonder at the limitless possibilities of the human eye. JOHN BULL.

To the Library Committee, Borough Council, Carnarvon.

GENTS,—It is a matter of regret to me that I recently perceived you squandering the hard-earned wealth of the ratepayers of your Royal Borough, birthplace of that unhappy prince, Edward II., home of that great financier, David Lloyd George. First you appointed a sub-committee to investigate the claims of the library cleaner to an advance of salary, and though the gentlemen appointed knew that trade was awfully dull, though they knew that the heavy burden of municipal enterprise in Carnarvon was pressing sorely upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other ratepayers, they resolved to admit the claim, and you, gents, were face to face with one of the gravest problems of finance which has ever troubled the guardians of the public cash-box. Yet without hesitation and without scruple, it was carried *unan.*, *nem. con.*, *nem. diss.*, and *una voce*, that the salary of the cleaner should be raised, increased, and swollen 4½d. per week. Thus are the servants of the Carnarvon Corporation encouraged in their carnival of luxury and their riot of wealth, while poor dukes are taxed to the point of being compelled to sell their pictures at knock-out prices. Gents, you amaze me; pray pause in your wild careers. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Father Burnett, The Presbytery, Kingsland.

REV. SIR,—What is all this rumpus going on in your parish? Why are your flock up in arms—many of them leaving your church? I hear bitter complaints of your conduct in connection with the recent testimonial to your curate, Father Dempsey—a man apparently revered by your people? They say that you would not lend the schoolroom for the occasion, and that you failed to put in an appearance. And what about that County Court case? And I hear other things. *Put your house in order.*

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Morley, House of Lords.

MY LORD,—You were at your best in dealing with literature and journalism at the Press Conference, and your hearers must have regretted that you ever wasted any of your energies and abilities on politics. It is true that you belonged to the more ponderous school of journalism, whereof the *Daily Telegraph* is perhaps the last survivor. I suppose platitudes were expected of you, and that you could not avoid empty generalities about the press being "a great centre and fountain of public-hearted duty and moral force." But you cannot in your heart of hearts ignore the fact it is mainly a commercial enterprise, often a debasing influence. It was all very well for you to reflect upon the coarse personalities of leading journals a hundred years ago. But you surely do not imagine for an instant that those personalities are now entirely extinct. You probably do not read the papers of the baser sort—the strong Party organs, for instance—but you should make yourself acquainted with them before you attempt to dogmatise upon excellencies which are still sadly to seek. Nor can you have been serious in your assertion that "what the journalist writes remains." Surely it is usually hurried away to the dust-bin—except, of course, what you read in your JOHN BULL. JOHN BULL.

To J. H. Taylor, Mid-Surrey Golf Club.

MY DEAR TAYLOR,—Congratulations upon bringing off a double—or ought I to say a treble?—event. It is indeed a record to win the Open Championship at golf for the fourth time and to be the father of twins, within a month. Once more you have demonstrated the fact that in golf, said by its votaries to be the most fascinating of outdoor games, experience beats youth. Possessing the physique, if not the stature, of James Braid, you combine his Celtic stolidity and accuracy of execution with the brilliancy and volatile temperament of Harry Vardon. Your record is one to be proud of. Popular, as I believe you are with members of both sexes of the Mid-Surrey Club, your name is a household word with those who follow the royal and ancient game. I drink to you. JOHN BULL.

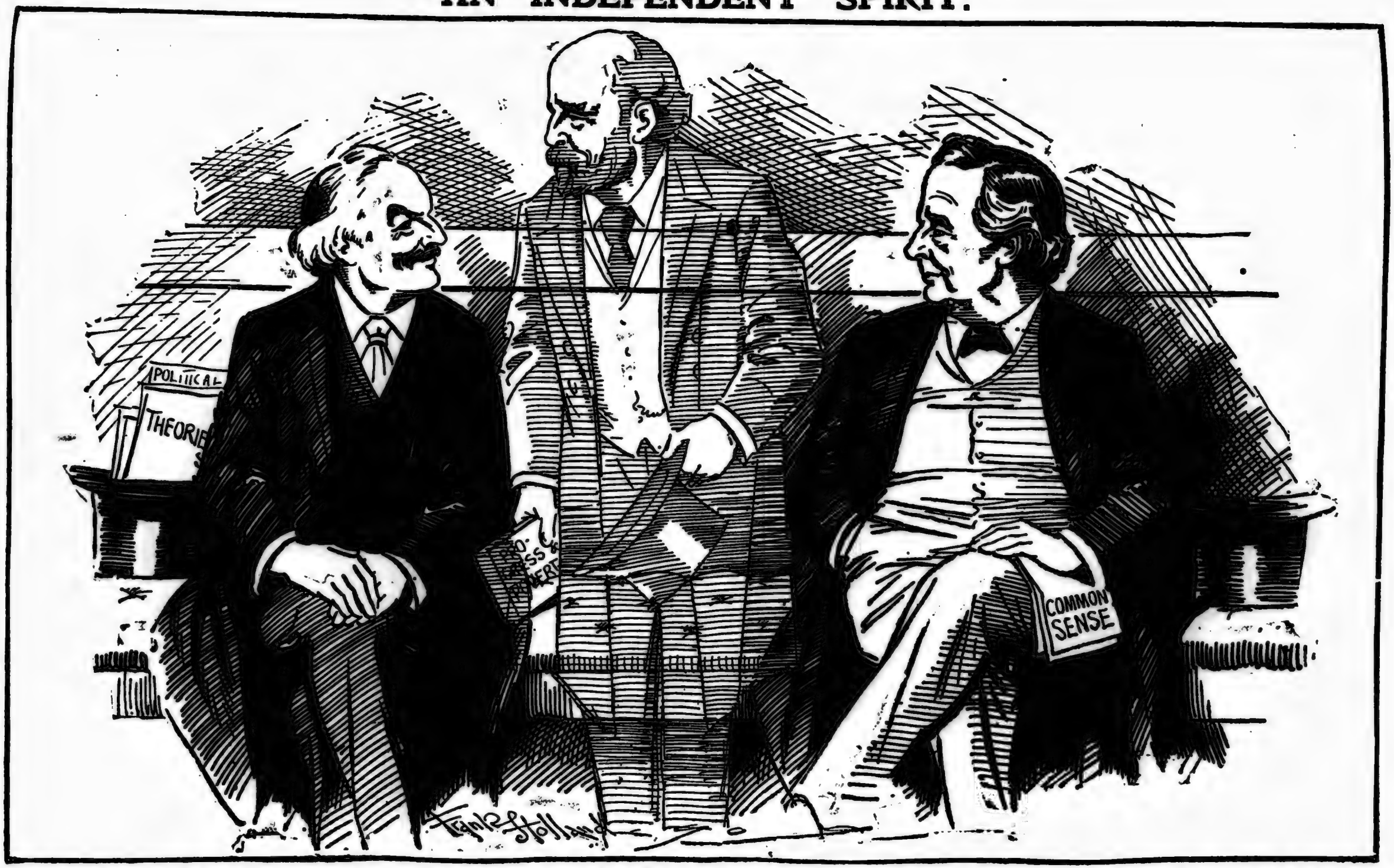
Sir Villiers Stanford, Athenæum Club, London.

Notice your new ode dedicated to Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers. Pity it wasn't played upon the boilers. BULL.

Imperial Press Delegates.

Hope you are enjoying the food and the champagne. Have ordered you all larger size in hats. BULL.

AN INDEPENDENT SPIRIT.



Mr. Lloyd George, in the course of his speech on the Finance Bill, said, "If Henry George were alive, in this House, he would be found with the hon. Member for Preston and the hon. Member for South Hackney—the Independent Party."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the CITY EDITOR, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of JOHN BULL *must be received not later than Friday.*

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information concerning their Companies which may be of public interest.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S STAMP PROPOSAL.

We have received many letters from City readers in reference to the suggestion made by Mr. Bottomley, in his Budget speech, for an *ad valorem* stamp upon contracts for the purchase of stocks and shares. Speaking generally, the idea is warmly welcomed. However large the total yield, the incidence would be light. Up to now the stamp duty upon the transfer of non-Bearer stock has been ten shillings per cent.; that is to say, just over a penny in the pound. Mr. Bottomley suggests that this stamp should be put upon the contract *instead of upon the transfer*. What does that mean? Simply that every Bull of stock would have to pay about one penny in the pound more for his stock. In other words, every purchase would be treated in fact, as it is in theory, as *bonâ-fide*; the man who wishes to speculate in shares would be in the same position as a speculator in land. He must pay the transfer stamp. And he would cease to have an advantage over the genuine investor. At present, if two men buy the same quantity of a given stock at the same price, and sell it at the same price—one taking it up in the meantime and the other "carrying it over"—the former pays the Government a transfer duty and the latter escapes scot free. "But," says the gambler, "I pay interest (called 'contango') on the stock I carry over." The answer is simple. The man who takes up the stock loses the interest he was getting on the money with which he parts. And wouldn't it be some security to the broker that the speculative purchaser of stock should pay this little tax—wouldn't it prevent it ever being pleaded that the transaction was a gaming one? Let it also be clearly understood that Bearer Stocks, so extensively dealt in on the Continental and American exchanges, will in no way be affected by this proposal—thus overcoming one of the chief objections urged against the new Budget stamps.

A KAFFIR-RUBBER TIP.

A few weeks ago, when the shares of Rubber Exploration, Ltd., were just under par, we strongly recommended them. They are now at 20 per cent. premium, and will, we have reason to believe, soon stand much higher. The fact is that apart from its rubber interests, the Company is largely concerned in the African market, and has been well in the present boom. Indeed, it has not been unconnected with the recent big rise in the shares of a well-known Land Company—and already we hear rumours of a forthcoming dividend. It should also be remembered that there are 100,000 unissued shares, which, we believe, the members of the Company have the right to have allotted to them at par in proportion to their holdings, whenever the Board decides upon allotting them. We have no interest, direct or indirect, in the concern, but we want our readers who desire to be in the present Kaffir-Rubber boom not to miss this unique method of killing two birds with one stone. We therefore repeat that Rubber Explorations should be bought. And "If you see it in JOHN BULL—it *is* so."

THE ONE AND ALL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

We have received letters from many readers asking our opinion of this association. Its name recalls the unhappy career of the One and All Sickness and Accident Assurance Association, and it appears to be a reconstruction of that unfortunate concern with the same people at its head. The old Association died because among other things it offered its subscribers more than it could do with safety; but so far as we can see, the present Association offers more than the old one. It is true that the subscription has been raised, and it is claimed by the Association that:

> The members' subscriptions have been certified by a qualified Actuary to be sufficient to provide for all benefits given by the Association's Policy, thus guaranteeing that the benefits offered are absolutely secure.

We should be inclined to attach more importance to this statement if the name and actual certificate of the Actuary had been given.

In addition to the sick benefits, there is to be a Benevolent Fund, from which special grants during unemployment are to be made, and it is claimed for this Fund that it is

> absolutely unique in the history of Industrial Insurance of any kind whatsoever.

We have a rooted distrust to these "absolutely unique" experiments in life assurance, especially when their authors are unable to show a past record of success.

Over and above the many advantages promised to the public by the new One and All Assurance Association, Ltd., there is the announcement that 10 per cent. of the profits are to be allocated to the payment of the debts of the old concern. A very excellent arrangement, if only the finances of the new Association are in a position to carry it out. But when we come to speak of finance, we do not discover what capital the Association has behind it. The papers do, indeed, tell us that it has a Registered Capital of £50,000, but this is quite compatible with an actual cash capital of less than as many farthings. There is nothing to show that the Association has any capital at all other than what it may get from subscriptions now invited.

Our attention has been directed to another Association of almost identical name—the One and All Mutual Insurance Association, Ltd. We are assured that this Association deserves support, and that its scheme of payment has been certified as sound by a well-known Actuary. We content ourselves for the moment with saying that we are looking into this matter, and we shall refer to it in our next issue.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.

A Northumberland correspondent sends us a copy of a card issued to all the Agents of this Company in August, 1907, this particular card being handed to a large Newcastle firm, who, by the way, are taking action against the Company. It refers to an 85-guinea Register, and it will be seen that according to the statement of the Company this Register was to be worth 40 guineas after ten years' use. We take the following calculation from the card:—

Increased trade in 10 years is worth many hundreds of pounds, and can be secured for an extra 30 guineas—Cost of £95

Register	85 guineas.
Value in 10 years	40 "
Net cost	45 "

4½ guineas a year. 3½d. a day.

We are glad to know that in Liverpool buyers of registers have united to press their demand for compensation upon the Company. In Liverpool and district some 500 victims are moving. The Managing Director of the Company has been saying that the fall in the price of the registers is due to the Company having ceased to employ agents, to whom they used to pay a commission of 35 per cent. That is untrue. The commission paid was from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent., out of which the agents had to pay rent, taxes, cost of brougham, mechanics' wages, etc. As a matter of fact, the business done costs the Company more than it used to do when agents were employed.

In Leeds Messrs. Newton and Sons have issued a writ, indeed writs are beginning to fly there. The Leeds Grocers' Association have held a big meeting, and the Leeds Wine and Beer Sellers' Association met on the 10th and decided upon action, their demand being for "restitution of all moneys paid over and above present prices."

JOINT STOCK TRUST AND FINANCE CORPORATION.

Apropos the continued delay in closing the liquidation of this Company, Mr. Bottomley last week was informed by the President of the Board of Trade that it is necessary to keep open the liquidation "for the purpose of collecting the unpaid calls which are mortgaged to the debenture holders of the Selected Gold Mines, Ltd. Every effort is being made to expedite the matter, but the questions involved are both intricate and difficult." We refer to the matter further in our Legal Notes.

WALDORF HOTEL.

With reference to our paragraph last week, in which we stated that certain debenture-holders had received their interest by way of taking further preference shares, the phrase "debenture-holders" was a misprint for "preference-shareholders." Subject to this correction, however, the allegations contained in our paragraph remain unanswered and unexplained.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—M. B. (Kensington).—We should prefer the Government Savings Bank. REX (Perth).—The answer to your other two questions is in the affirmative. W. W. (Leeds).—We cannot recommend depositing with a concern which offers such high interest.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—B. C. (East Dulwich).—We should not be tempted by the high interest. DRAYTON (West Ealing).—We never recommend institutions offering such a high rate of interest. A. H. J. (Cardiff).—Ditto.

FARROW'S BANK.—W. D. D. (Reading).—The address is 1, Cheapside, E.C.

ARTHUR HOODEN.—PROTECTION (Burryport).—We have no information respecting this man.

TWO COMPANIES.—B. L. M. (Edinburgh).—We cannot recommend either.

LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK.—D. G. J. (Neath).—One of the strongest of our banking institutions. The rate of interest paid last year was 18 per cent.

ALLAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—A. B. C. (London).—You can get the names by examining the documents filed at Somerset House, or, if you are a shareholder, by applying to the company and paying a certain fee.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—INVESTOR (Hampstead).—We should prefer a different kind of investment. E. D. (Crewe).—We know nothing against it.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—J. S. (Brierley Hill).—You should apply to the liquidator, but your money is gone.

THE CENTRAL AGENCY (Euston Road).—V. H. (Weston-super-Mare).—We know nothing about the agency.

KYNOCH'S.—ANXIOUS (Birmingham).—(1) We should be inclined to hold. (2) The shares of the Gas Light and Coke Company represent a very sound investment, and, at their present price, give a fair return.

CASSELL AND LANGTON.—A. B. (Glasgow).—If, as you say, these people owe you money on Stock Exchange transactions, it is open to you to take legal proceedings, which they might meet by pleading the Gaming Act. As to our instructing a lawyer to act for you, upon the condition that he does not charge more than one guinea, we must decline. We have enough to do to instruct lawyers upon our own matters.

MONEY IN BANKS.—A. S. (St. George's-in-the-East).—There is nothing to prevent your having an account at twenty banks if you choose to do so and have the money necessary to open an account, but we gather from your letter that you cannot be in want of more than one bank. You say that you have "a few pounds, and have divided it up for safety between three banks." Assuming "a few pounds" is near the mark, it would have been better to have left it in one bank. As to safety, you do not make it safer by splitting it up and leaving it with three banks instead of one, assuming, of course, that the banks are of standing.

WYMAN AND SONS, LIMITED.—CRITIC (Hove).—We do not think the course you suggest would be in your interest. Your information as to the ordinary shares is correct. There is nothing unusual in the non-publication to which you refer.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—READER (London).—Of the two, we should prefer the National Penny Bank. PROVIDENT (Poplar).—Why not put the money into sound industrial securities. CONSTANT READER (London).—See previous answer.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—A. P. (Poplar).—They are as good as any, so far as our information goes. READER (Birmingham).—Very much like the rest of them. H. U. K. (Southsea).—The firm in question acts fairly by its customers, if our information is to be depended upon, but we strongly advise you not to have any Stock Exchange dealings with them or other outside brokers. H. H. (Emlyn).—We never recommend Stock Exchange gambles. A. E. (Pontardawe).—Ditto. AMERICANS (Bristol).—Have nothing to do with the special stock operation to which you refer. P. (Tidal Basin).—Unless you want to lose your "pound or two," you will have nothing to do with Stock Exchange gambling. H. E. E. (Ebbw Vale).—Have nothing to do with either of the firms you name. NUS QUAM TUTA FIDES (Gorton).—Ditto. P. L. (Ammanford).—Ditto. G. M. K. (Strickhen).—Have nothing to do with the people you name and their double options. JOHN BULL READER (Pyle).—No, we do not think it is "a fair risk to send the London Scottish Stock Exchange any money to speculate in American Rails."

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—W. R. (Cardiff).—We have no reason to suppose that it will do so.

VARIOUS SECURITIES.—S. G. R. (Bombay).—We think your list a very good one.

THE MAGNET BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. P. H. (Acton).—We know nothing to the contrary.

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—G. O. (North Shields).—We cannot advise the purchase. J. C. (London).—The answer is in the negative.

NELSON'S TEA COMPANY.—A POOR WIDOW (Bristol).—The company went into liquidation long ago, and it would be only throwing good money after bad to consult a solicitor. He can do nothing in the matter.

STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATION (Shanklin).—You say you are a struggling tradesman who finds it difficult to do more than just make ends meet. You ask our advice as to whether you might not be able to make a little money by taking advantage of the offer of one of the outside brokers whose names you mention, to speculate on the Stock Exchange on your behalf—provided you put them in funds to do so. We can well understand the temptation to try your luck with one of the gentry who tell you that it is the easiest thing in the world to turn a £10 note into one for £100, and to do it within a week or two; but we earnestly counsel you to disregard all such suggestions and to keep pegging away at your own business rather than risk money you cannot afford to lose in Stock Exchange speculation by means of some stranger, whose object is to get your money and keep it. Even if you were to win, the likelihood is that you would never be paid, and it is highly improbable that you would even get a paper profit. Stick to your trade, don't lose hope, and leave it to fools to enrich the rogues who make the golden promises that are never kept.

BRUSSELS MOTOR CAR COMPANY.—C. S. (Antwerp).—We do not recommend you to do so.

SOUTH AFRICAN SHARES.—MOSTYN (Newport).—(1) We should hold for the present. (2) We think the recently formed Welsh Insurance Company has good prospects of a prosperous career.

CHARGE FOR SHARES.—J. G. M. (Bristol).—Stockbrokers, like other people, have to live, and consequently they cannot buy shares for you or other people without charging a commission. The commission varies, but it is in no case excessive. We do not recommend outside brokers.

SUNDRY BONDS.—C. E. M. (Birmingham).—We should be disposed to sell.

TAFFI VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY.—W. J. (Plaistow).—You should instruct a broker.

EDWIN HONES AND COMPANY.—KENDRICK (Reading).—We know nothing about the Southampton Flood.

RECONSTRUCTION OF COMPANY.—QUANDARY (Leicester).—If the company is solvent, you can compel them to compensate you if they break your agreement. For the rest, we can express no opinion without seeing the Articles of Association. We should think it is a matter upon which you had better consult a solicitor.

PREMIUM BONDS.—C. R. (Sheerness).—We do not know upon what authority the manager of the British and Foreign Investors' Agency states that "a movement is on foot to abolish dealings in lottery bonds in England."

LIPTON'S ORDINARY.—R. C. R. (Chigwell).—We know of no means of disposing of the shares except through a stockbroker.

G. H. GRAY AND COMPANY.—H. W. (Sheffield).—The answer is in the negative.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—DOCTOR (Staines).—They can foreclose.

CONVERSION OF BUSINESS.—F. L. W. (Dover).—The business is too small for conversion into a company if, that is, you have any wish to appeal to the public for capital.

THE BUFFELSDORN CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING COMPANY.—M. J. (Glasgow).—On August 29th, 1908, it was resolved to wind up voluntarily. The liquidators appointed were J. Fraser and J. H. Rainier, Box 1233, Johannesburg, Transvaal.

W. J. BUSH AND COMPANY.—J. H. E. (Forest Gate).—We will look into the matter, and refer to it next week.

SPEAIGHT, LIMITED.—A. J. (Kilburn).—We understand that the company is doing a good business, but the purchase would be rather speculative.

THREE GAS SHARES.—H. A. (Retford).—We do not recommend them.

SALE OF SECURITIES.—E. R. (Birmingham).—We should sell Lever Bros. and Geo. Newnes.

J. A. CROWN.—J. A. S. (Parbold).—If you want to buy bonds, buy them at home.

MIDDLESBROUGH STEAM COAL.—ENQUIRER (Fenton).—We think improvement probable, but, as to the rise you mention, that is quite another matter.

PURCHASE OF CONSOLS.—LIMBURGER (Brighton).—Interest depends, of course, upon the price of the security. If the bonds are at par, the yield is 2½ per cent. At present, being considerably below par, the yield is, roughly, 3 per cent.

STUART AND MCKENZIE.—W. J. E. (Lowestoft).—We have no information respecting these debt collectors.

PARR'S BANK.—CONWAY (Stratford).—There is nothing to prevent your opening an account with Parr's Bank upon the usual introduction. As to the bank being "safe," it is in the leading rank of joint stock banks. As to the branch banks being equally safe, of course, they are. The credit of the head office is that of the branches.

PUNCTURE OF TYRES.—J. M. (West Ealing).—We regret we cannot help you in the matter.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—RUFUS (Liverpool).—We have no doubt the bonds are genuine, and that you gave much above the market price for them.

HARRIS MAXWELL LARDER LAKE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.—H. W. P. (Northampton).—We advise you not to have anything to do with these shares.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—T. A. V. (Sheffield).—We do not see that it will be practicable to form a joint stock company for the purpose of dealing with this matter. C. W. P. (Middlesbrough).—We note your letter, and refer you to what we have said on the subject in our last and other issues. H. T. B. (Birmingham).—Your experience is that of hundreds of others, and we can only advise you as we have advised them, to unite and take the opinion of the Courts. ANOTHER VICTIM (Wolverhampton).—We believe the Saxe Register Company are selling very good registers, and much below the National Cash Register prices. Mr. Saxe was at one time manager of the latter company. REGISTER.—Noted. A. C. H. (Hove).—See what we have said in previous issues. J. S. P.—Your letter is noted. We thank you for its enclosure.

MINING SHARES.—R. W. P. (Brixton Hill).—We should be disposed to hold for the present.

LONDON ELECTROBUS COMPANY.—A. W. B. (Ilford).—We have no very late information as to the position, but the company has uphill work before it.

WHITWORTH, COUTTS AND COMPANY.—A. P. (Merthyr Tydfil).—We quite agree in what you say about these people.

ROYAL CO-OPERATIVE COLLECTING SOCIETY.—FIAT LUX (Warrington).—We know nothing about it.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

ONE AND ALL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—See what we have said elsewhere on this subject. W. H. N. (Redhill).—Let us see the papers. F. B. (Ilford).—We know nothing about the "new One and All," but will make some inquiries.

THE LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—W. L. (Leeds).—We think you are right to hold. In the past the management has been somewhat reckless. There are enormous commitments, including heavy obligations on licence insurance. But the management is pulling itself together, and the Society has powerful backers.

THE PROGRESSIVE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.—B. L. (London).—It seems to us to be entirely a question of terms. We have advocated the acceptance of the National Standard offer because we understood it to be the best obtainable, but if the London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow offer better terms, they should, of course, be accepted. R. L. (Reading).—See previous reply.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—RUDDY GORE (Nottingham).—We regret we can be of no assistance to you in disposing of your policy. A. B. (Charles Street).—Your better course is to write to the head office of the company, when you will get an authoritative statement.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—C. S. (Custom House).—We will look into the matter.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. W. (Waterloo Place).—It is a young and progressive company, and we know of no reason whatever why you should not do business with it.

ASSIGNMENT OF POLICY.—E. H. (Victoria Park).—Your better way is to communicate with the company, and see what they say on the matter.

DEBT TO INSURANCE COMPANY.—READER OF JOHN BULL (London).—If the company paid you £11 4s. when only £5 12s. was due, it was your duty to return the £5 12s. when the mistake was discovered and demand was made for repayment. If, as you appear to be inclined to do, you fight the matter in the County Court, you are certain to lose, and you will have to pay costs. We are surprised that you should be in any doubt as to what you ought to do in the matter.

WORLD WIDE ENDOWMENT POLICY.—J. S. (Liverpool).—We think the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada would accept you on the endowment plan without extra premium.

LONDON, EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. E. W. (Four Oaks).—It is impossible to express an opinion as to whether the company has acted rightly in refusing to pay the policy without having fuller information than is to be found in your letter.

INSURANCE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT.—P. (South Shields).—The only company we know of that touches this matter is the Car and General Insurance Corporation.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—G. H. S. (Cardiff).—Both companies are good. For your purpose, we should be inclined to prefer the Norwich Union.

PROFITS AND INCOME INSURANCE SOCIETY.—TRAM (Birmingham).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do so.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—A. O. (Edgbaston).—You had better transfer. You would find difficulty in selling without incurring a heavy loss.

UNITED FRIENDLY INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—C. C. (Southsea).—The answer is in the negative.

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—H. M. S. (Shepherd's Bush).—It is an office of high standing.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—P. T. (Bristol).—We cannot recommend it.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—B. AND D. (Grimsby).—It is old established and well managed.

EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY OF UNITED STATES.—REFORM (Weston-super-Mare).—Having regard to the length of time you have been paying in, we can hardly advise you to let the policy drop. WORRIED (Plaistow).—Ditto.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

COMPANIES WINDING-UP DEPARTMENT.

We recently commented upon the vagaries of this Department, in leaving dividend-paying securities belonging to a Company which had been in course of liquidation for three years, still in the name of one of the directors. As will be seen by a reference to our City page, the liquidation of the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, the Winding-Up Order in which was made as long ago as May 8th, 1906, is still open, the reason assigned being that certain "calls" have not yet been collected, and that, as they are mortgaged to another Company, it is impossible to close the liquidation till they are got in. This is typical of the official method. To any business mind the suggestion would at once occur that, if there were no other reason for keeping the liquidation open, the outstanding "calls" could be assigned to the Company entitled to them, and thus all the expensive paraphernalia of the liquidation got rid of.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Letter Wrongly Delivered.—C. P.—Until a letter has reached the addressee, it remains the property of the Postmaster-General, and anyone at whose house a letter has been delivered in error will be in unlawful possession of it, and is bound to return it to the Post Office.

Australian Estate.—Sudden Stop.—You can see a list of the Crown Agents for all the Colonies in Whitaker's Almanack, and you should write to the Agent for the Colony in which the deceased had property, and ask him to give you the address of the proper official to whom to apply for the information you seek. There are special arrangements in some of the colonies for dealing with intestate estates, and if you think there is money in the estate, you should engage a solicitor to investigate the matter.

Gift of Household Goods to Wife.—O. E. C. H.—A deed of gift should be prepared by a solicitor, as amateur efforts in this direction are mostly failures. It should be under seal, and the donor should be able to show that he is solvent at the time.

Legacy (Felling-on-Tyne).—You can ascertain the value of the estate from the probate office, where the amount must be recorded. As a person interested, you are entitled to have full information from the trustees as to how the fund is invested, and if they refuse you should instruct a solicitor to apply to the Court for an account.

Purchase of Piano.—Polish (Bristol).—The warranty specifically excludes cracking of polish, and we are afraid you would have difficulty in sustaining a claim against the company for the defects that have been disclosed, notwithstanding that it is not, as you say, the polishing that is at fault, but the preparation of the filling of the wood.

Workmen's Compensation.—J. W. F.—The youngest daughter living with her father is a dependent, and the others are not, and they are not entitled to share as such.

Compensation.—Vexatus (Bristol).—As you did not contest the case successfully in the County Court, we do not see that you can do anything now.

Wife Keeping Husband.—Norwood.—You are not bound to maintain your husband by work, and there is nothing to prevent your leaving him, for he could not compel you to come back.

Right to Property.—C. A. T. (Merthyr).—Unless you can get a solicitor to look into the matter and sustain your claim, you cannot do anything. There are many solicitors who would take the case up as a speculation.

Mortgage.—W. B. (Dulwich).—As you have borrowed money on security of the deeds, the mortgagee can sell if you do not pay off the loan or get someone else to take a transfer of it.

Land Speculation.—Precaution (Barnsley).—As you had a limited partnership, your liabilities would end when it was concluded and settled up between you and your partner.

Bankruptcy.—A. T.—You would be entitled in the bankruptcy to priority for your salary accrued due, but you would have to prove, as a creditor, for anything in the nature of damages for non-completion of your agreement. The excess of expenses would be a debt, and could not be set off.

Action of Solicitor.—Old Reader (Worcester).—It is impossible for us to advise you as to whether the solicitor, who has been financing you in the building of the houses, is justified in refusing to advance more monies without fuller information than you send us. We strongly advise you to consult a local solicitor on the matter.

Wages due from Bankrupt.—Lex.—You are entitled to have payment of your wages in priority to other claims, and as the trustee is so dilatory, we suggest that you should write to the Board of Trade, and ask them to require him to render an account of the estate. You could summon him as a last resort.

Distress for Rent.—J. P. (Sutton).—If the daughter has all the business done in her name, and employs the men, though trading in their name, the creditors have no claim on her. There is a right of action against the company for damages. You can require the solicitor to get his bill taxed.

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Counsel: If they are the PENNA they are the BEST!
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(2) A block of 50 Gold Claims at Komatie, where the conditions are exceptionally favourable to low working costs. These claims contain three reefs, two of which have been thoroughly proved as to their value. Both reefs run the whole length of the property, namely, 7,500 feet.

There have been some assays as high as 4 ozs. 5 dwts., but the average value may be taken as 1 oz.

The directors, being men who know South Africa, believe the present an opportune time for raising capital for the working of the Company's properties.

Native labour is plentiful, and by the construction of the railway the Company's future is placed on a very satisfactory footing. The shares of this Company are quoted at 10s.

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HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XLVIII.

We have received the following. It seems a deserving case. Can any of our readers lend the writer a hand? He has high testimonials as to competence and character, and we shall be happy to place any of our readers in communication with him should they be able and willing to help him :—

I was particularly interested to read Human Document No. XLII., as his case has a resemblance to my own.

For about ten years I was clerk and managing clerk to a country solicitor, who gave up business in 1906. His practice was disposed of to an out-of-town firm, who took me over as clerk in charge. Their intention was that the junior of their firm should take over the branch. This was not done, and they only visited the office once a week, for about an hour or so. The business could not be carried on in this manner, as clients naturally wished to see the principal. The branch was closed in March, 1908, and I secured a berth as clerk in an office near London. The promises in this case were that the berth was permanent, and the prospects of promotion good, and I was assured that I should be quite safe in moving my furniture there. Indeed, my new principal offered me £5 towards the cost. After I had been installed for about six weeks, I was suddenly told that my services would not be required after four weeks. They would not give me any reason, but afterwards I found out that the business was not progressing, and that they were cutting down their staff and shutting their City office.

Since that time (about 10 months) I have answered countless advertisements in the papers. I also advertised in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Birmingham Daily Post*, and put an entry in the Law Registry. As I was unable to obtain any other business I got a situation as a book canvasser. I cannot make a living at this business, and if you have any surplus enquiries over to No. XLII., could you refer them to me?

I am married, but at present I am living with my mother.

I am a competent general clerk, well up in conveyancing and the usual work of an office, where I had control of costs, courts work, company and private bill work.

I may also mention that in 1907 I was hon. secretary to the Coventry Lady Godiva Procession Committee, and was for some time secretary to the local ratepayers' association and was the first mover in reviving the Coventry Chamber of Commerce.

We have received from an anonymous correspondent on behalf of Mme. de Lysle, *re* Human Document No. XLVI., the sum of 5s., which we have forwarded to that lady.

FIFTY TONS OF GOOD IRON.

A TALE OF MARYHILL BARRACKS.

We give the following exactly as received from one of our readers :—

Mr. Haldane enteres in to office turns our Army upside Down changes names and changes uniforms changesthe Guns of the West of Scotland Artillery but such is the way of the World and such is the way wee are taxed. Now let's turn to some of the old things wee have to dispose of such as the Big Guns of the West of Scotland Artillery. Here wee have got to sell them as old Iron we Dispose of the 64 pounders Alright but what will wee do with the 50 ton gun no Iron Merchant would take anything to do with it so wee gather a few Tommies Round it dig a grave get the handspicks and topple it in : But what a lot of money it took to yield it from the Earth yet we return it to the Earth for nothing. Yet these changes will go on.

TRADE NOTE.

We have received from the proprietors of "Antineurasthin" a copy of an interesting report recently issued by the director of the Imperial Russian State Hospital for Epileptics.—Dr. M. Lion—who gives his professional experience with the use of Antineurasthin in cases of nervous disorders such as inability to work, weakness of memory, loss of appetite, nervousness, dipsomania, etc. It appears that "Antineurasthin" was administered in a number of really serious cases with excellent results. Cures were effected in periods varying from one week to a month. This endorsement of "Antineurasthin" from a professional source supports the opinion that the preparation is one likely to bring relief to neurasthenics. Not being a drug it is safe to take by young or old. Those who suffer from nerve weariness should write to The Antineurasthin Company, 41, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, for the free trial supply they issue. Each application should enclose three stamps to cover cost of return postage.

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is one of the pleasures of life which count. ¶ It is a well-blended mixture of ripe tobaccos, some of which are unknown to pipe smokers except in Chairman. ¶ Their qualities and fine smoking properties are the reason of their selection. ¶ They make Chairman what it is—a pipe tobacco of quality that will satisfy most pipe smokers—and continue to satisfy them, whether they smoke much or little. ¶ It is cool, always cool, and burns evenly and slowly to the last shred with a rich and pleasing aroma.

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R. J. LEA, Manchester.

XI

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Woman in the Case."

Of all the revolting and degrading sights I have ever seen on the English stage, the supper scene at the Garrick Theatre in Clyde Fitch's American play is about the limit.

How such a sorry spectacle can attract any living soul is to me absolutely astounding.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh's performance as Claire Forster may be clever, but to see a vicious, disreputable, abandoned creature such as Claire is, gulping down glass after glass of "woine"—as she calls it—becoming more and more intoxicated every moment, and beating her bare chest to keep down the drunken hiccoughs is, to my mind, the most ghastly and demoralising study of abandoned young womanhood ever depicted in a theatre.

It is impossible to believe for an instant that any Englishman could be so over head and ears in love with a miserable wretch of this description, lost to all sense of decency and shame, common and vicious to her finger tips, as to commit suicide because he had given his word of honour to a pal that he wouldn't marry her. Why should he? Marriage was superfluous where Claire Forster was concerned.

Oh! the whole story is full of incongruities and doesn't bear thinking of.

Imagine Julian Rolfe, an honourable and innocent man, being arrested in his own drawing-room and taken off to Sing-Sing prison, without even the chance of changing his evening clothes, on the false accusation of a depraved character of the Claire Forster type, and his wife taking a flat in the same block as Claire so as to become friends with her, and discover the truth in order to save her husband from being condemned.

If I remember rightly there was a very trivial "champagne scene" of the mildest description which was lustily condemned by the Press when Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss appeared in it a few years ago, and, not many weeks back, an American artist was soundly slated for giving her idea of a tipsy woman on the music-hall stage, when not even a glass, let alone a bottle, was introduced.

But Claire Forster sits at a supper-table and deliberately pours down wine until she becomes hopelessly drunk, and then confesses under the influence of the intoxicating liquor that she has lied, and accused Julian Rolfe of murder when, in reality, it was a case of her lover, Phillip, committing suicide.

Ugh! What an ugly and deplorably painful side of fallen humanity! One leaves the place with a shudder of horror and a shiver of fear lest such things might really be.

What a pity to make the proscenium of a theatre the frame for such an awful and scandalous picture of humiliating womanhood.

"Peter's Mother."

What a relief to turn one's thoughts to the delightful acting of Marion Terry and her companions, in Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's charming and wholesome play at the Haymarket Theatre, after the nauseating atmosphere at the Garrick.

Anything that brings to the stage grace and refinement, truth and purity, is welcome indeed, and in Lady Mary Crewys, Miss Marion Terry is seen in all the perfection of sweet womanliness and tender motherhood.

Mr. A. E. Matthews again plays the part of Peter, the selfish young prig of a boy, and Mr. Fred Kerr the delightfully outspoken Guardian.

"Peter's Mother" is, indeed, most beautifully acted all round, and it was a clever move on the part of the Haymarket management to revive this old-world lavender-scented comedy.

Cecilia Loftus.

It must be quite—well, we won't say how many years ago now, since Miss Cecilia Loftus—then simple "Cissie"—made her first appearance on any stage at the Oxford Music Hall. Her success was immediate. Mimics by the score have come—and gone—but there has never been anyone to equal Cecilia in the art of imitation.

When Cissie Loftus made her reappearance in London at the end of last year at the Coliseum, she was in excellent form; now she is in still better, and her imitations of Miss Rose Stahl, in "The Chorus Lady," and Madame Sarah Bernhardt in a scene from "Izeyl," are simply perfection, and should attract all London.

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"PARSONS."

A REPLY TO JIM CROW.

By MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS.

As that member of society to-day one degree more despised than a parson, a parson's wife, I should like to answer the naive and interesting remarks of Jim Crow in last week's JOHN BULL on the subject of parsons.

Now, I have inevitably met, and constantly meet, in their daily working any amount of parsons. I have seen them good, bad, great, narrow, bigoted, saintly, brilliant, and cranky. Like everybody else, I have also met some who are boring. But I can honestly say that in all my experience I have never yet met one who descended to the unutterable infamy of being bored himself. That estate is a heritage of mental and spiritual atrophy only possible, apparently, to the free-thinker—the mind who hasn't got a love of his mind to redeem him.

Naturally, if neither God nor your fellow men are to be found upon your altar—and we all have an altar, of sorts—but only a luminous vision of yourself, you do get a little dull. Mirrors have their limitations, even for the good-looking.

But even the average priest is a man who has over him a big, flaming, righteous Heaven, and all round him a panting, struggling, suffering world, and considering that it is his daily business to try to bring these two into touch, he really can hardly feel dull. Life is to him, almost necessarily, a huge Miltonic drama and immense moral adventure. Even if he fails, it is still immense as a tragedy. But irksome or slow it can never be.

VISITING THE SICK.

I think Jim Crow is pulling the British Public's leg. He cannot possibly be the monster of callousness that he would have us believe. Still, I would say in answer that it really is a fact that to a weak and wretched person, the very presence by the bedside of someone who is at least trying to get into touch with the Divine is so beneficent in its effect that possibly the curate who performs this nameless work is as well paid in results as the doctor who does his for the "shillings" specified. (This unfortunate idealist doesn't always get them, by the way, any more than the parson!) After all, most of us like to bring a smile to the face of a child. The poor parson who brings a little sunshine into a soul is only doing the same thing on rather a larger scale—the scale of the Archangels, say.

REPETITIONS.

Here I am so completely staggered by one immortal sentence of Jim Crow that "I can no more," as Gerontius said in his "Dream." Calmly, beautifully, he remembers that about the Scriptures, which the parson must expound, *there is nothing new to be said.* Clearly, to Jim Crow about human experience itself there is nothing new to be said: about the soul, about the stars, about Shakespeare, about the gutter-snipe, about crime, about glory, about all the spheres and all the continents, about all the oceans and all the mountains, about the love of men and women, and the passionate up-growing of the mud-encumbered world, there is nothing new to be said. If he really thinks that, one must leave him alone in his glory, like Sir John Moore.

One may dismiss his fourth point peacefully. After all the tyranny of twaddlers, committee-mongers, cranks, "fussy officials" (as Bishop Creighton called St. Augustine the missionary, by the bye), officious persons, shocked persons, muddlers, trifle worshippers, and dogmatists reign rampant in every sphere of life: certainly, no more, if as much, in the clerical as in the political or the scientific world. Even journalism knows their sway, as I should think Jim Crow himself might be willing to admit. They are always with us, more so than the poor, and apparently there is no law capable of abolishing them from off the face of the earth.

To the summing up, in which Jim Crow reels off a list of the terrible restrictions of the clerical life, amongst which he enumerates the inability to swear, I have this answer. If you may not race, are not expected to hunt, are checked in gambling, and frowned at in love-making, you never miss these things, because, possibly, a higher race engrosses your daily attention, a nobler hunt (after the degraded and the falling), a more royal gamble, the great game of chance in the souls of the boys and girls of London, and a love-making wide enough to hold in its arms all the starveling babies of a tragic city. Sport enough for any man's day.

After all, if a man has a dream and works for it, he may bore you, but he can never possibly be bored himself.

IN THE WORKSHOPS

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Smart Ascot Gowns.

Truly magnificent are the frocks that have been turned out this season by fashionable *modistes* for gala occasions. All the advance fashions are brought forward for Ascot, and they are particularly interesting this year as great changes seem about to descend upon us, especially in the matter of skirts. It is so long since we have worn really much betrimmed and bedecked skirts that a certain nervousness is felt among middle-class women about re-assuming them, but the new smart models are so decided on this point that probably by next year it will be the plain untrimmed *joupon* that looks strange and attracts undue attention. A characteristic gown was of palest yellow marquisette, high-waisted, of course, the bodice richly embroidered in gold and various shades of blue, draped somewhat in fichu style over a delicate vest of tucked lace insertion and white chiffon. The skirt, ornamented down the front with embroidered medallions, was mounted on shimmering gold tissue and drawn in some distance below the knees by a sash of this gleaming material fastening in a fringed bow at the back. Another was of face-cloth so exquisite in texture as to gleam almost like satin in its high lights. Its colour was that delicate shade of pink that is so becoming to any decent complexion. It was made in Princess style, but the material was cut away in front in a deep square almost to the waist, revealing an inner vest of soft green satin in a dull art tone, lavishly embroidered, and above that a glorious yoke of real lace, softest chiffon, and green rat-tail trimming. The sleeves were of real lace and embroidered green satin issuing from out very wide arm-holes of the pink face-cloth. The skirt formed a tunic that ended on a level with the knees by being there draped in horizontal folds over a full-trained underskirt. This draping was held in place by appliqués of real lace mounted on green satin and finished by rat-tail trimming.

Turned up Hats—Brims.

If you desire to be in the foremost line of fashion in the hat department, you must instantly procure a *chapeau* with the brim turning up more or less at the left side. Three out of every four of the newest models bear this distinguishing mark. It is such a universally becoming style that it is bound to catch on speedily, and then the leaders of fashion, as is their little way, will promptly discard it. As soon as any style becomes popular with little servant girls and lavishly reproduced in common cheap goods, the smart ladies who initiated it renounce it and turn to something new. So if you admire yourself in a hat with a turned up brim, get it now, as I prophesy for it a universal but brief reign.

Do We Like to Hear Ourselves Abused?

First thoughts would seem to say, "Of course not," yet it really appears that it only needs to be done in a sufficiently interesting, daring manner to prove completely fascinating. Think of Father Bernard Vaughan—what is it brought him fame and, maybe, fortune? Simply abuse of modern Society in most outspoken spicy terms. And it is the poor who flock to the diversion of hearing their wealthier sisters slanged? Not a bit! It is the wealthy sisters themselves who jostle one another at the doors in their eagerness to hear themselves described as vain, greedy, immoral, lacking in every virtue, and wallowing in every ignoble vice. Now Dr. Aked has been playing the same game in New York, and the *elite* of New York society has been crowding to hear itself—and especially the feminine portion thereof—called every name the reverend gentleman can devise. Nor is this strange morbid pleasure confined to society women. One of my Suffragette friends has told me that the eight hundred ordinary women prisoners in His Majesty's Castle, Holloway, listen heavy and half-sleeping to the average chaplain's average pulpit talk, but that on one occasion came a new curate who took a leaf from Father Vaughan's book, and told the thieves and drunkards exactly what they were and what he thought of them. The keen interest of the women was obvious. They sat erect, their eyes lit up, they drank in the priestly abuse with obvious delight; and this queer taste is not wholly confined to the feminine sex. The English nation is rather proud than otherwise of its Continental reputation for "madness." Why, even as far back as Elizabethan times do we not find Shakespeare-Bacon appealing to the gallery by the same means. Discussing whether the Prince of Denmark has lost his wits—Send him to England, is the suggestion of one, it will not be noticed there as all the men are mad! Laughter and applause from the English audience. Of course, that is only poking fun at us and it is a sorry tale not to be able to take a joke. Possibly the clerical abuse is also regarded by the congregation as something in the nature of a joke.

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

The Subscription List is now open, and closes on or before THURSDAY, the 17th JUNE, 1909.

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

IV.—MR. ASQUITH.

To face the piercing eye of the Prime Minister would require, I felt, a greater measure of native courage than I possessed. On my way to Cavendish Square, therefore, I dropped in at the National Liberal Club for a little Budget whisky.

I found a number of acquaintances manfully swelling the revenue in the same way, but with a different object.

Joining the group, I took them into my confidence, disclosed my intention, and asked their advice as to the best fashion in which to approach Mr. Asquith.

"Go as a peer," suggested one.

"Have a drop o' gin, ole dear, and disguise yourself as a Suffragette," proposed another.

Alternative schemes were put forward, and a keen discussion followed—a discussion so warm, in fact, that the exclusive serv'ces of two waiters were required to keep us adequately supplied with cooling refreshment.

Finally, after a three-hours' debate, I grasped the arms of my chair, and rose to move the closure.

"Gen'l'm'n," I said, speaking with suppressed emotion, "my decision ish thish. Shall go ash I am. Jush ash I am—hic—wi'out one plea, so to shpeak. Jew unnershtand? I'hll shimply shay, 'Ere I am, ole fell'r. Come to interyou view. Wa'sh your'sh?' Then Ashquish'll shay, 'Qui'ri, ole chappie. Fire away—hic—mine's a Budget whishk—hic—whishky!'"

My determination was greeted with applause. Fired with ardour for the enterprise, I drew myself up, and bade my friends a restrained but affecting farewell. Then, with bent head and outstretched hands, I made dash for the door.

I reached it without any difficulty worth mentioning; but in the entrance hall I had the misfortune to collide violently with somebody coming in the opposite direction. We both sat down suddenly on the cold tiles, facing one another: for the purpose, I take it, either of offering mutual apologies or launching mutual recriminations. I cannot, at this distance of time, be quite sure which.

Shutting one eye, I endeavoured to fix with the other the wavering and fluctuating face of my *vis-a-vis*. To my intense gratification I discovered it to be none other than that of the Prime Minister himself.

"Pleash to meechoo," I said, smiling y most insinuating smile, and trying to shake him by the foot, which I strangely mistook for his outstretched hand. "Qui' well? Fam'ly fit? Tha'sh shtyle. Wa'sh your'sh?"

By this time Mr. Asquith had regained his feet, including that which I had grasped so warmly.

"Don' go," I urged, "Want to interyou view. Come out speshly. Sit down again. Nish cool shpot."

Receiving no answer, I proceeded to put some leading questions.

"What d'you think of th' Housh Lorsh? When ish it your—your—hic—intenshun to abolish the purple peersh? Country'sh very anxious to know, don'ch'know."

Mr. Asquith's reply being inaudible, I continued my cross-examination from the same cool point of vantage on the floor.

"Have you deshided to calm the country, an' build eight Suffragettes thish yer?"

I did not catch the Prime Minister's answer, so proceeded with my list of questions.

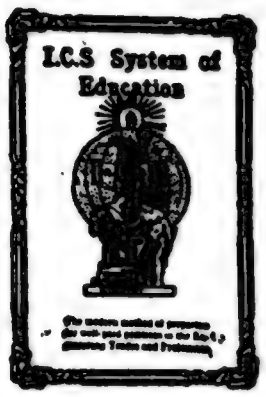
"Do you 'gree wi' th' shuper tax on ungotten children under shixteen?" I murmured next. "An' are you in favour of the proposhl to tax undeveloped beer?"

Mr. Asquith preserved a profound silence.

"Look 'ere, ole chap," I remonstrated, shaking my head solemnly, "wash th' ushe me interyouing view if you refushe to anshwer m' queshions? Play the game, ole shport. I ashk you a shivil quesh'n, n' shpect a shivil anshwer—shee? If not, I shall shimply report to move progresh, an' take the feelin' of the Housh, an' donchew forget it."

Annoyed by the obstinate reticence of the Prime Minister, I looked up. I was surprised to find he was not to be seen.

"Jush like Ashquish," I said to the porter who assisted me to my feet: "Thash Ashquish all over, don'ch'no—alwaysh runsh away from the isshue."



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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Is the Finance Bill an overdraft on the public confidence?
Didn't the Church Pageant start with a christening?
Is "Bacon's Essays" Mr. McKenna's favourite book?
Hasn't the Somali Mullah already got his deserts?
Is the Government afraid of being "Welshed"?
Will the Congo mean "Congé" for Sir Edward Grey?
Is it true that "The Merry Widow" has been "altared"?
Have they a White Elephant in the White City?
Is Sir Charles Stanford's musical joke, "Ode to Discord," a "seem-funny"?
Was "A Merry Devil" intended as a counter to "The Sorrows of Satan"?
How can we expect good "all-round" players at the "Oval"?

The *Express* has been making an enquiry into the engineering industry. We fancied they knew all about *that*.

Canon Horsley says the Church laity are a very "spongy" lot. No wonder they are so easily squeezed.

"Picnic Tragedy," we read. Left the beer behind perhaps!

At Featherstone, Yorkshire, a full company of Territorials has been formed in three days. Being mustered, they ought to be Keen!

A donkey forty years old won a prize at the People's Palace recently. "Too old at forty" evidently applies only to human asses.

"Crime is like a disease," says the Chief Constable of Brighton. Just so; when caught, you get something for it.

The average daily water supply of London is 219 million gallons, yet Fleet Street is full of thirsty men.

"Samson Unshorn," just published, is apparently a story with a hair-raising plot.

"Money Matters," reads a headline. It does indeed.

The Norfolk labourer who was fined 5s. and 10s. costs for being in possession of one partridge's egg, probably considers poached eggs too much of a luxury now.

Speakers at the Dover Charity Committee dinner were fined sixpence a minute. Silence was golden.

"We have no opinions of our own," says Alfred Monk. That is *his* opinion.

A vicar has been charged with whistling in church. Perhaps he wanted to raise the wind.

Auction Mem.—"A Lot" is not always "a good deal."

"The Frozen Venus, by Harry Lauder," we read in a contemporary. She will be cold comfort if he does.

The Marquis of Exeter has been compelled to give up his pack of fox-hounds on account of the Budget. Really, the matter is getting serious.

Mr. Carl Hentschel understands that the only comfortable place in the Old Bailey is the dock. No doubt occupants are well looked after.

The new Sea Salvage Company has been floated for divers purposes.

"Wolf in England," reads a heading. The "open door" again.

"The only way to be happy is to trust people," says Edwin Pugh. We will impress this upon our tailor.

"A woman cannot be smartly dressed unless workpeople laugh at her clothes," says M. Poiret. Their laughter makes her smart.

A supplementary income-tax has been imposed on bachelors and widows in Austria. They ought to combine.

"War Office Slights," says an *Express* headline. Of course, it is a Government Department.

The *Mail* asks, "Is cricket standing still?" Everyone knows it is a game of running.

Mr. Balfour has no authority to describe the Budget as robbery. He has no convictions.

There is no truth in the rumour that the phantom airship started from the Northcliffe.

According to a contemporary, England is waiting for a man. We think it is more a question of getting rid of the old women

NATURE NOTES:—
Why did the *bull-rush*? Because he saw the *cow-slip*.
Who married the *dande-lion*? The *tiger-lily*.
Why was it the *dog-rose*? Because he saw the *fox-glove*.
Why did he *mari-gold*? Because he fell in love with the *mint*.
Why did he want the *apri-cot*? Because there was no *strawberry-bed*.
Why was he as cool as a *cucumber*? Because he was chilled to the *marrow*.
Why was he *nettled*? Because he was near the *dock*.
Why did he give an *anti-choke*? Because they gave him *beans*.
Why did the baby *owl*? Because it had the *thrush*.
Why were there no *scarlet-runners* at Waterloo? Because we gave the *French beans*.
Why did he cut the *corn*? Because he was such a *toe-martyr*.
Why did the *sun-flower*? Because it was blooming cold.

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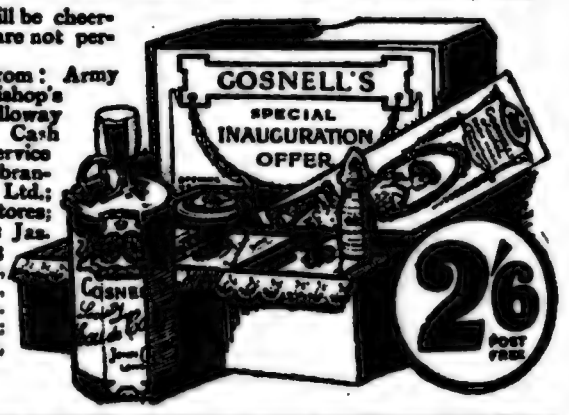

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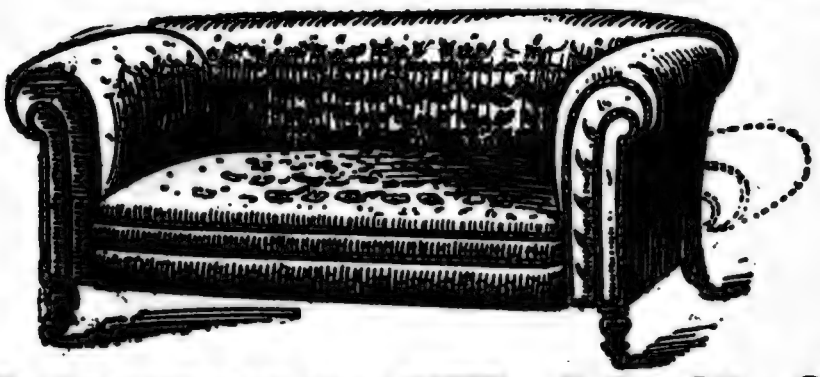

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* **when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.**

J. B. (Clapham) calls our attention to a paragraph in the *Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times* about a dead soldier visiting his colonel and placing some trinkets in a drawer. "Signs of our times," indeed—very bad signs!

J. R. J. (Mardy, Glam.).—We cannot recommend you to take a course of lessons of the Secretaries' Correspondence College, or any other similar institution. The secretaryships of public companies almost invariably go by influence, not by examination.

J. F. B. (Frome) entered a "racing contest" run by *Racing Life*, Goes, Holland. He paid 2s. in entrance fees and predicted the first three horses in the Derby. The first prize being £300, he anticipated something substantial, but received 4s., together with the statement that no less than 1,512 competitors correctly placed the first three horses in that very open race, with an outsider occupying the third position, and that 8,748 competitors gave first and second—for which they received the magnificent reward of 4d. We are now approaching the sea serpent and angling season. But, seriously, are the Dutch police asleep?

E. S. (Brixton).—"Soaring coppers" evidently referred to finance, not to the arrest of a Suffragette.

T. H. (Ilfracombe).—We are not firm believers in the usefulness of a Literary Correspondence College.

A. J. B. (Banff, Canada) says we can get out there in 13 days. He offers the attraction of "swimming in hot sulphur baths." We are reminded of Talleyrand, who, being told by a dying man, "I suffer the agonies of Hell," replied "What, already?" A. J. B. wants us to write a "patriotic article on Empire." We will ask the other A. J. B. for one, if we can settle his conviction.

WALLACE (Wellington).—You must have overlooked our last message. We hope to be in your neighbourhood shortly.

D. F. (Finsbury Park) tells us a good story about a tramp who, having secured a flea from under his vest and carefully examined it, replaced it on the ground that it wasn't the one which had been biting him. What a D.F.!

"INGOMAR" (Cambridge).—Surely *Truth* cannot have been so rude, even in the seventies.

AN anonymous correspondent says there are Jesuit spies in every post-office of importance. He wants us to beware of them in our office. We will keep an eye on Jim Crow.

H. R. (London) desires to call our attention to the way in which the employees of Lyons' at their new premises in Coventry Street are treated. He says the waitresses are not paid sufficient to keep themselves, and that out of what they receive a portion is deducted for dinner, which is more often than not uneatable. Whilst every week they are subjected to what he describes as "an insolent lecture" by one of the directors. In addition to this, he alleges that, if any of the girls are caught sitting down or resting, they are instantly rebuked, and gives us various other items of complaint. We are, of course, open to hear the other side of the question.

J. L. (Ruabon) wants to know if the Sanitary Training College (235, High Holborn) is genuine.

E. S. (Clapton) sends a cutting, and says "the obvious error should make it suitable for one of your biscuits." Just what it does not do.

"NOVICE" asks about Hammond Howell and Co. (Tea Dealers, 6, Cross Lane, Eastcheap, E.C.). The flavour of tea *might* be affected by the propinquity of fish. It depends on the fish.

"A PARENT" wants to know if players are to be allowed to golf across public pathways to the danger of the public. We think not, if accidents happen often. But people on footpaths might also be injured by cricket balls. We can't stop all games for the sake of the timid. Let us all run risks in the interests of sport. But is golf sport?

W. F. (Mortlake) brings charges against the Wandsworth Infirmary: "I hear of scandalous neglect, brutal treatment, and practical starvation. Fancy one nurse to forty patients, and tea as sole diet in some cases. One patient who moaned was told to 'shut up' by the nurse. Half-an-hour later she was dead. The sooner dead the better apparently—one less to bother. To sum up: the patients are treated more like dogs (or not so well), and directly they can crawl away they do." What do the authorities say?

G. S. (Thetford) wanted to buy a ring on the monthly instalment system so wrote to J. N. Masters, Ltd. Rye, sending them 5s. and the necessary papers filled up. Masters wrote him that they could not allow him credit, and for his 5s. sent him a cheap pipe and razor, worth, he says, about 2s. 6d. He returned these, but they refused to refund his money, insisting that he should select something from their catalogue. This is now a very common trick, and we think G. S. should, in the public interest, sue Masters for the amount.

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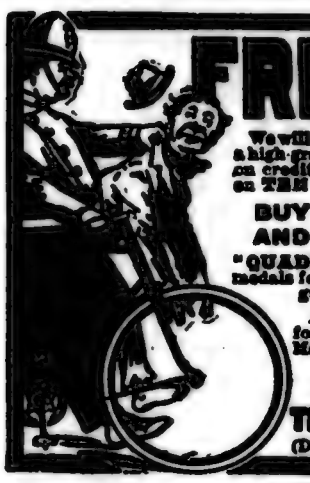
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We will supply straight from our works to anyone a high-grade Coventry made "QUADRANT" cycle on credit at trade price, and send the machine on TEN DAYS' approval.
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"QUADRANTS" have won TWENTY gold medals for excellence; are ridden by royalty, and guaranteed for TEN YEARS.
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A TRIPLE GIFT TO THE PUBLIC BY A ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST.

Drill-Manual for the Hair and Scalp, with Supplies of Two Court Toilet Preparations.

FREE TO ALL WHO WILL WRITE OR APPLY FOR A GIFT PACKAGE.

A FAMOUS Royal Hair Specialist, whose name is familiar in the Courts and Palaces of the world, is at present making an offer of exceptional generosity to every lady and gentleman who will either write or call personally for his gift package.

The gentleman who makes this offer to the public is Mr. Edwards, of Edwards' Harlene Co., the great authority on hair-culture and the discoverer of the greatest of all preparations for the hair, "Harlene."

Everyone must by this time have heard of "Harlene Hair Drill," which has already done so much for thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen who have suffered from various kinds of hair troubles.

What the daily drill on the parade ground does for the weedy, undisciplined and unlovely recruit, "Harlene Hair Drill" accomplishes for hair that is weak, brittle, scurfy, or suffering from any form of disease.

It literally—as the phrase itself implies—"drills" every individual hair of your head out of all its weaknesses and blemishes, so that instead of a mob of hirsute degenerates, you have a head of hair of which each individual unit is well nourished, strong, healthy, and developed to its highest possible standard in every way.

A PLEASING HEAD OF HAIR

This, however, by the way!

To return to Mr. Edwards' free triple offer (which will appeal to everyone who is anxious to cultivate and possess a pleasing head of hair). It is as follows:—

I.—**Large Trial Bottle** of his famous hair-food and hair-tonic, "Harlene," of exactly the same quality as supplied to his Royal and aristocratic clients,

II.—**Drill-Manual** containing full instructions for the proper performance of the famous "Harlene Hair Drill."

III.—**Free Trial Packet** of a special powder for shampooing the scalp and hair, and thus promoting scalp cleanliness and hair hygiene, called CREMEX.

By calling at the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., anyone may obtain these three valuable toilet accessories free of any charge, but if application be made for delivery of same through the post, it is necessary that three penny stamps be enclosed to cover postage, as the cost of labour, material, packing, etc., which this great and generous offer entails is already very heavy, and it is not too much to expect that the small expense necessary for postage should be defrayed by the recipients.

If your hair is not as plentiful and good-looking as you would like it to be, how much more urgent, then, is it that you lose no time in stimulating into more healthy life the declining vitality that has not yet altogether died out?

To prove to you how easy it is to grow hair luxuriant in quantity and beautiful in quality, all you have to do is to send for the Gift package.

It costs you nothing for instructions and material.

It is best not to put off doing that the result of which will add so much to your personal appearance. It will add youth to your life and years. It will restore and retain the days of your youth. It will extend that period of your life in which life's activities are most pre-eminent.

AN ALTOGETHER NEW GIFT.

Commencing to-morrow, Mr. Edwards is adding a new gift to his Presentation Packages to the public.

This is a trial package of the Cremex Scalp and Hair Shampoo Powder. Its use according to the accompanying instructions cleans the scalp and hair.

Two minutes a day is all that is required for Harlene Hair Drill to keep your hair in a healthy condition. This is the latest gift of Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of the world-famous "Harlene Hair Drill." To-day he supplements his gift with a packet of his wonderful Cremex Scalp and Hair Shampoo Powder. Those unable to call for this gift package should write by to-day's post for one.

Mr. Edwards has added this new gift to his Free Packages because surprisingly few people are able to cleanse their scalp and hair in the proper way.

There are many difficulties in the way:

(1) In some districts the water is too hard.

(2) In other cases the soap used is detrimental to the scalp and hair.

(3) Then some hair is too damp.

(4) Other hair is too dry.

For these—and other—reasons Mr. Edwards has decided to increase his contents and value of his Gift Packet by including a trial Packet of his "Cremex" Scalp and Hair-Shampooing Powder.

Use this according to Mr. Edwards directions, and the accompanying practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will be all the more quickly resultful.

ONCE A WEEK, CREMEX—ONCE A DAY, "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

The scalp and hair should be cleansed once a week with Cremex. The "Harlene Hair-Drill" should, of course, be practised *daily*, in accordance with Mr. Edwards' directions therefor.

The new shampoo powder, "Cremex," which is included in this offer is already becoming famous, like its better-known relative, "Harlene."

This powder has been specially prepared by Mr. Edwards for the purpose of promoting scalp-cleanliness and scalp-hygiene.

It cleans the scalp from all dandruff and other unhealthy conditions.

It stimulates healthy skin-action, and assists "Harlene" in its important duty of nourishing and invigorating the hair-roots.

"Cremex," says Mr. Edwards, "used once a week, in conjunction with the 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' will keep both the scalp and the hair in perfect condition, and overcome the most obstinate forms of hair trouble."

Everyone who knows the high reputation of the various preparations associated with this gentleman's name will not neglect to seize this excellent opportunity of testing "Harlene Hair Drill," "Harlene," and "Cremex" free of charge.

WHAT YOU MAY RECEIVE—FREE.

If you are bald (or going bald) if your hair is

—WEAK —DISCOLOURED
—GREASY —LUSTRELESS
—SCURFY —FALLING OUT
—BRITTLE —LACKING either in quantity or quality, you are invited to try this magnificent triple combination of preparations at Mr. Edwards' expense.

No matter how many other treatments and specifics you have tried, no matter how grievously you have been disappointed elsewhere, you can now find the true secret of successful hair-culture.

At any rate, by merely remitting three penny stamps for postage of the package, you can test "Harlene Hair Drill" (and Cremex) for a week free of charge.

If you call personallly at the Edwards' Harlene Co. you will be handed a gift package without having to pay for postal delivery.

Eight extra packets of "Cremex," complete in box, may be obtained by enclosing postal order for one shilling.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained at all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.

TRIPLE GIFT COUPON

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sir,—I accept your offer of a Triple Gift made to readers of "John Bull" on June 19, 1909.

I enclose 3d. stamps for postage for Free Package to any part of the World.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If called for, no payment for postage or package is necessary.

"A POOR WOMAN THAT TAKES 'JOHN BULL' WEEKLY."—The blue 2d. stamp is catalogued at 2½d., the red 1d. at ½d.

A. M. (Birmingham) had a dream on the night of October 17th and 18th, 1905. He was "awakened by a loud voice proclaiming these words, viz. :—'We shall be at war with Germany within the next five years.'" He adds: "I have wrote to His Majesty King Edward, telling him of my dream and warning him to prepare for the coming of his ambitious nephew, the most implacable enemy Britain has ever had to prepare for since the coming of William the Conqueror." He adds: "The following remarkable dreams I have had and seen fulfilled—The great Johnstown flood, the murder of McKinley, the battle of Spion Kop, the signing of peace by Kitchener with the Boers. A mighty voice telling me four years ere the Russo-Japanese War broke out that 'Russia would make the next war.' I saw victory after victory of the Japanese after Marshal Oyama's appearance in the field. I saw the fall of Port Arthur seven months ere it fell." So he wants us to "prepare for the inevitable struggle with the Tueton" (*sic*). We are further informed: "Awoke the morning of my appearance at Acock's Green Police Court to answer for striking Mr. Turberville, dreaming the words, under a cloud, hence this poem," which he kindly encloses:—

Stung that morn to the quick by an Inspector's mood,
When his despairing passions were rife,
(Like a flash) with the trowel, which earned him his food,
He struck hard at the overseer's life.

Aggrieved then by an act that would o'ercloud his name,
He strayed back home again with his brand,
Thither bayed by the hounds in hot chase of the game,
Quarried then at his house near at hand.

Speedily to his daughter she told of his deed,
Giving them all the cash he could spare,
Dressing then in a suit that served him in his need,
Kissed his loved ones and flew in despair.

Who wo uldn't be an Editor?

"NEMO" (Dowlais).—We agree that "a spittoon for the big seat" in the chapel doesn't sound nice. But who occupies the big seat—and is smoking allowed?

J. R. (London) puts in a plea for the old compositor, who has been thrown out of work by type-setting machines. But the plea comes rather late in the day. Still. the case is a hard one.

W. T. V. P. (New Cross) thinks four months too lenient for burglary and assault. What would he give a Conscriptionist?

"SEMPER FIDELIS" informs us that socks are described as neck-wear in Merthyr. Whose socks?

S. H. M. (Harleaden).—We didn't know bottled milk was dangerous, but will ask one of our babies.

B. B. (Croydon) thinks our number scheme is growing monotonous. Will he suggest an alternative?

Miss L. W. (Leinster Gardens) wants a biscuit for an advertisement of an "elderly, teetotal, non-smoking couple" as caretakers. But some ladies enjoy a whiff nowadays.

H. W. F. (Broad Street Avenue) writes to Crow: "Happiness is worth seeking. You know you needn't look for it in the pleasures of the world, in horse-racing, dancing, theatres, eating or drinking, or in art, or wealth, or talents of any kind. Go to the Fountain Head, Jim, and the best introduction to that Fountain Head that I know is the Epistle of Paul to the Romans. Read it on your knees, Jim, in the quiet of your own chamber, Jim." But Jim has already read the whole Bible. He did not think there was so much piety in Broad Street Avenue.

H. G. (Reading).—Why shouldn't they give the parson a bike if they choose?

"BUMPKIN" (Bromsgrove) says he knows the braying of an ass. But why call Crow "G. A."? What does it mean—Good Adviser?

B. E. M. (Witham).—We know nothing of the Anti-Puritan League.

L. G. C. (Ilford) wants a biscuit for a description of a missing man: "Bald and has curly hair." We note the latest exploits of the M. A. Winter Co.

"PERK" writes: "Horatio, please tie Jim up till we git our bred." Quite perky.

G. B. (Gosport) wants to know where and when Pierpont, the hangman, was born, when he commenced his duties, and whether Pierpont is his proper name. Who knows?

"A YOUNG BULL" (Birmingham) suggests that retailers should affix stamps when duties are raised. He also asks about the Sentinel Accident Assurance Company, of Birmingham.

"A MAN OF THE WORLD" supports the idea of a graduated receipt stamp and says he would not mind paying 5s. on getting £5,000. Or even more?

"BISCUIT" (Queen's Gardens).—Your mother may as well make a will. She can buy a form at a stationer's for sixpence. We note your excuse for writing to us: "I feel as though I'm writing to an old friend or my father, who has been dead six years." Quite like table-turning, isn't it?

F. E. (Norwich) sends us "The Song of the Britches," from which we extract the opening lines!

"What would you do, my noble men, if none would make your britches?
You'd have, I fear, my men, to wear, a skirt with many switches."

Sounds rather electrifying!

E. S. (Kingsland) thinks that Turkish baths are an improvement on the English variety, but says nasty things about the sanitary arrangements at some of the newly-opened establishments in the West End. So perhaps the old-fashioned way is not so inferior, after all.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

Oatine

To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the OATINE SHAVING CREAM (in tubes) or the OATINE SHAVING STICK, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the OATINE SOAPS for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner.

Free Samples

of OATINE CREAM and OATINE SOAP will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 270a, Denman Street, London, S.E.

OUR FREE OFFER TO ALL.

HAPPY AND STRONG

are the men who were once ill and weak, who were always nervous and trembling, and who never knew what it was to enjoy peaceful sleep through Neurasthenia, etc.

They are now free from pain, and awake refreshed and full of energy, are light-hearted and self-confident, and the secret is

DAMAROIDS—THAT'S ALL.

This grand force is the only natural restorative; the only certain means of curing ailments of a nervous and debilitating character. All who suffer in this way should lose no time in investigating the claims of "DAMAROIDS." They fill the body with nerve-life, warm the blood, and restore both physical and mental energy. In order to prove our claims, and that the public may know more about "DAMAROIDS," we are prepared to send a FREE SAMPLE and interesting pamphlet to those interested in the development of vigorous manhood.

Do not delay! Call if you can. If you can't call, cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day, and we will mail you the book and sample by return, if you enclose two stamps for packing and postage.

"DAMAROIDS" are to be obtained at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, or the Special Extra Strong, 11s. per box, which take effect in a few minutes. Call or write, "J. B." HYGIENIC STORES, LTD., 95, Charing Cross Road, London. Tel.: 13215 Central.

After Shaving.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy.

Of all Chemists, 1/-. Send 2d. for sample to
(Dept. Q) 11a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream.

SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Booth's Finest Old Dry Gin

the only matured

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL WINE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE

Established 170 Years

GRAND PRIX AWARD FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

TO H.M. THE KING.

TO H.M. THE KING & QUEEN OF ITALY.

TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.

TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Growers of the Finest Tea the World can Produce.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTONS.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

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CHIEF OFFICES:

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BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

ALEXINE.

MANY PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO EAT TOO MUCH in order to eat enough.

What you eat—how much you eat—or even how much you digest—is not the whole question.

By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

ALEXINE will enable you to "get all the good out of your food." It is neither a food nor a medicine, but an aid to Nature.

The active principle of ALEXINE is free phosphoric acid, which acts upon the otherwise insoluble phosphates in your food and in your system, and enables your brain, your nerves and your muscle to take them up and make use of them.

Obtainable through all Chemists at 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle: or from sole British Agents at same prices, post free.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4, 10, 12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

When you require the finest Blue-Black fluid for office use. Ask for AZURYTE.
All Stationers sell it. In Bottles 1d. to 3/- each.
F. MORDAN and CO., 326, City Road, London.

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INDUSTRIAL BRANCH — ORDINARY BRANCH

NOT A SLATE CLUB. NO LEVIES.
No liabilities at all beyond paying fixed PREMIUMS.

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Other Departments:
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AGENTS WANTED.

Write for Prospectus:—
19, 20 & 21, FARRINGDON ST., (Ludgate Circus) LONDON, E.C.
WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" of The People, *and* "*Magpie*" of The Globe.)

Prophetic.

Ascot must be half over before these notes can be scanned, and the second half of any meeting—particularly a big fixture where the *same* horses are engaged time after time—is absolutely governed by what has happened on the preceding afternoon. This alone is enough to funk a turf writer—particularly in anticipatory ideas; if one happens to have set up a certain standard of success he is expected to maintain it. Above all are the British public the best of judges, but keen critics, whilst not allowing for the fact that notes must be written *many* days ahead, and therefore what might seem the soundest common sense at the time reads confoundedly stupid by the date of publication. As to possible results, to-day (Thursday) the Gold Cup stands pre-eminent in world-wide interest. I hope Your Majesty will run, for he has beaten both Santo Strato and Siberia last year, and they in turn beat each other. A horse needs to be thoroughly sound, and to have done a proper, not an intermittent or half-and-half sort of preparation, to win such a severe race, and that fact alone, enhanced by the adaptability of such a big, far-striding horse to this course, makes me give preference to

Santo Strato.

These contests, however, are really better looked on than wagered upon. Another such is the All-Aged Stakes, in which, on looks, it would be a million to one on Sir Archibald, but I cannot refrain from giving preference—on this season's actual doings—to Hallaton.

It is literally impossible to discuss the other Ascot events, although, assuming he has not run earlier, I should pick Bayardo to beat Minoru in the St. James's Palace Stakes; while, if he has not run earlier, Glasgerion's "class" must put him in the Wokingham Stakes.

On Saturday, at Windsor, if he has not already won or been utterly disgraced, my Royal Hunt Cup selection of ten days ago,

Electric Boy,

would win the June Handicap. In his absence, little Velvet should score, with the greatest danger presented by Torch.

Newbury must also be governed by Ascot results, but I should be disposed to trust Greator—if a boy can get him out—for the Netheravon Handicap, as he will have every chance, on this severe course to make up for his invariably slow beginning.

Muffin Boy has an obvious chance in one of his races—particularly Wednesday's Ogbourne Welter, for the seven furlongs would let him get properly on his legs, for he is always going fastest of anything at the finish when unable to quite "get up." Assuming, therefore, that he runs here, Tuesday's Empire Stakes might go to Desespoir, for the ground is likely to be softer than at Ascot, and the selection is naturally governed by what the horse has done, should he have competed in the Wokingham Stakes. The Newbury Cup rests between Cuffs and Rushcutter—both engaged at Ascot.

I am also now compelled to deal with Gosforth Park, where Asticot would be my bet were he to run for the Northumberland Plate, bearing in mind that in the interim of these ideas being written and published he will have contested the Ascot Stakes. Our old friend Syce missed Brighton specially for the Gosforth Park Cup, in which he will, I suppose, as usual, be about second.

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ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE!! ENORMOUS CIRCULATION!!

The RACING STUD was estab. 1900 and is controlled by a Powerful Combine of Well-informed gentlemen, who have won the confidence and Applause of both Public and Press. We are the "ONLY" FIRM praised by "LARRY LYNX" of "THE PEOPLE." "JOHN BULL," "VANITY FAIR," "THE EMPIRE," "THE SPORTING LIFE," and "THE RACING WORLD," which says—"'The Racing Stud' have achieved a remarkable run of big race successes for years past." THE MIRROR OF LIFE says—"Unquestionably the leading firm of all advisers."

We are grateful for the many congratulations we have received over the 2,000 Gns., CHESTER CUP, THE JUBILEE, KEWMARKET HANDICAP, NEWMARKET STAKES, SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES, THE DERBY, CORONATION CUP, ROYAL STAKES, MANCHESTER CUP. BIG SUCCESS after SUCCESS.

NEXT MONDAY'S "INSPIRED" ISSUE WILL GIVE THE
NEWBURY CUP and NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE WINNERS.

☞ THE EVENTS ARE ENTIRELY AT THEIR MERCY. ☜

Post 3/6 and stamped address for NEXT ISSUE, or order through W. H. Smith's Bookstalls. Enormous demand. FIVE "ONE HORSE" S.P. 'DOS WIRES, post 12/6. BIG MONEY-MAKERS. Begin Saturday. A Big "Rap" runs. The Cup and Plate winners included on wires. Don't miss them.

THE RACING STUD, 87, High Rd., Turnham Green, London.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.
THE MAN IN THE MOON.

TWELVE PAGES.
POSTED TO SUBSCRIBERS ON SATURDAY EVENING.

The Price of "THE MAN IN THE MOON" is 2s. 6d. per Copy, but readers of this paper can have a copy of next week's issue by sending ONE SHILLING.

Next Monday's issue of "The Man in the Moon" will contain:—

Letters to Celebrities.
Racing Systems and All About Them (by Chas. Schofield).
Weighing Room Whispers (by "Moonbeam").
Shooting Stars.
Rhymes from the Racecourse.
Messages from the Moon.
People we Meet at the Races.
The Light Side of Racing.
And last—but not least—

FOUR TREBLE-STARRED SELECTIONS FOR NEXT WEEK'S RACING.

Our regular subscribers have so far had a grand season, every week being a winning week. We are confident of beating all records during the next few weeks, and we want every sportsmen to rally round us.

All sportsmen who wish to fare well at the forthcoming meetings are advised to send

ONE SHILLING AND STAMPED ADDRESS
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for the next issue of "The Man in the Moon." Please post early, as the demand is sure to be enormous.

The fact that the circulation of "The Man in the Moon" is increasing each week by leaps and bounds is ample proof that the information contained therein gives satisfaction.

Saturday's Popular Wire FIVE SHILLINGS.
No Agents. Address all communications:—

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Telegrams: "Moonbeam, Birmingham."

GREAT AMERICAN "WINNING" PLAN.
The GREATEST "MONEY MAKING" INSPIRATION of the AGE.

ONLY MADE 50 BETS LAST YEAR, and beginning with £1, ended with A CLEAR GAIN OF £157 TO THE GOOD, or with £5 it ended with A CLEAR GAIN OF £785. Already "HUNDREDS OF POUNDS" TO THE GOOD this Season. Can be "easily" worked AT HOME by ANYONE ANYWHERE with a TRIFLING CAPITAL. BEGIN AT ONCE. NO DOUBLING, NO ASSISTANCE, QUITE SIMPLE TO WORK. LASTS FOR EVER. THIS INGENIOUS "MONEY-MAKING" PLAN IS SO ABSOLUTELY GENUINE THAT WE WILL "RETURN YOUR MONEY" INSTANTLY IF NOT AS STATED. "THE RACING WORLD" says:—"The Great American Winning Plan is a novel, workable idea." "THE UMPIRE" says:—"It is an excellent, workable and brilliant idea." "One" of many workers writes:—"The 'PLAN' has already this Season put hundreds of pounds into my pocket. It is not only genuine, but a marvellous money-making idea."—L. J., Cardiff. SPECIAL OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" SPORTSMEN. The Price is £10, but we will forward you A COPY of the "PLAN" and the FULL WORKING PROOF for LAST YEAR for 5s. and stamped address. REMEMBER OUR MONEY RETURNED TERMS ABOVE. "THE AMERICAN PLAN," 7, Stamford Brook Road, London, W.

THE MONDAY MIDGET.

The "M. M" is forwarded every Monday by early country mails in *plain sealed envelopes* for 2/6 per single copy, Four Weeks for 7/6, or Ten weeks for £1. Remainder of Season 5/-.

Special attention is called to the "Midget's" Speciality, the "One-Horse" Overnight Code Selection, advertised in all the principal Sporting Papers. As showing the value of these Code Selections we may mention FIZZER, a Winner at 100 to 6, was coded Extra Good on June 2/09. For Early, but Inspired Hints for ALL BIG EVENTS, consult "The Monday Midget."

Offices:—MONDAY MIDGET, Ascot, Berks. (Sole Address.)

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"THE THRONE AND COUNTRY."

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HIS MAJESTY.
Cartoon:—
COL. RIVERS BULKELEY, C.B.

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Instantaneously and Harmlessly.

It is the **MOST PERFECT** Preparation that **SCIENCE CAN PRODUCE** for removing the effects of the ravages of time and mental stress and worry.

This is the only permanent one solution preparation on the market that will do this.

You can prove the correctness of our claims by sending **SIX PENNY STAMPS** for one of our **LARGE TRIAL BOTTLES**, stating the shade you require.

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Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,607,946. Liabilities, £1,236,271. Surplus, £371,675.
LOANS of £20 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
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Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 40 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
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GEORGE F. HAY, 96, Queen Anne Road, Barton Hill, Bristol. (No. 83076, 24th April.)

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INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 24th (PUBLISHED JULY 22nd).

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" of The People, *and* "*Magpie*" of The Globe.)

Prophetic.

Ascot must be half over before these notes can be scanned, and the second half of any meeting—particularly a big fixture where the *same* horses are engaged time after time—is absolutely governed by what has happened on the preceding afternoon. This alone is enough to funk a turf writer—particularly in anticipatory ideas; if one happens to have set up a certain standard of success he is expected to maintain it. Above all are the British public the best of judges, but keen critics, whilst not allowing for the fact that notes must be written *many* days ahead, and therefore what might seem the soundest common sense at the time reads confoundedly stupid by the date of publication. As to possible results, to-day (Thursday) the Gold Cup stands pre-eminent in world-wide interest. I hope Your Majesty will run, for he has beaten both Santo Strato and Siberia last year, and they in turn beat each other. A horse needs to be thoroughly sound, and to have done a proper, not an intermittent or half-and-half sort of preparation, to win such a severe race, and that fact alone, enhanced by the adaptability of such a big, far-striding horse to this course, makes me give preference to

Santo Strato.

These contests, however, are really better looked on than wagered upon. Another such is the All-Aged Stakes, in which, on looks, it would be a million to one on Sir Archibald, but I cannot refrain from giving preference—on this season's actual doings—to Hallaton.

It is literally impossible to discuss the other Ascot events, although, assuming he has not run earlier, I should pick Bayardo to beat Minoru in the St. James's Palace Stakes; while, if he has not run earlier, Glasgerion's "class" must put him in the Wokingham Stakes.

On Saturday, at Windsor, if he has not already won or been utterly disgraced, my Royal Hunt Cup selection of ten days ago,

Electric Boy,

would win the June Handicap. In his absence, little Velvet should score, with the greatest danger presented by Torch.

Newbury must also be governed by Ascot results, but I should be disposed to trust Greator—if a boy can get him out—for the Netheravon Handicap, as he will have every chance, on this severe course to make up for his invariably slow beginning.

Muffin Boy has an obvious chance in one of his races—particularly Wednesday's Ogbourne Welter, for the seven furlongs would let him get properly on his legs, for he is always going fastest of anything at the finish when unable to quite "get up." Assuming, therefore, that he runs here, Tuesday's Empire Stakes might go to Desespoir, for the ground is likely to be softer than at Ascot, and the selection is naturally governed by what the horse has done, should he have competed in the Wokingham Stakes. The Newbury Cup rests between Cuffs and Rushcutter—both engaged at Ascot.

I am also now compelled to deal with Gosforth Park, where Asticot would be my bet were he to run for the Northumberland Plate, bearing in mind that in the interim of these ideas being written and published he will have contested the Ascot Stakes. Our old friend Syce missed Brighton specially for the Gosforth Park Cup, in which he will, I suppose, as usual, be about second.

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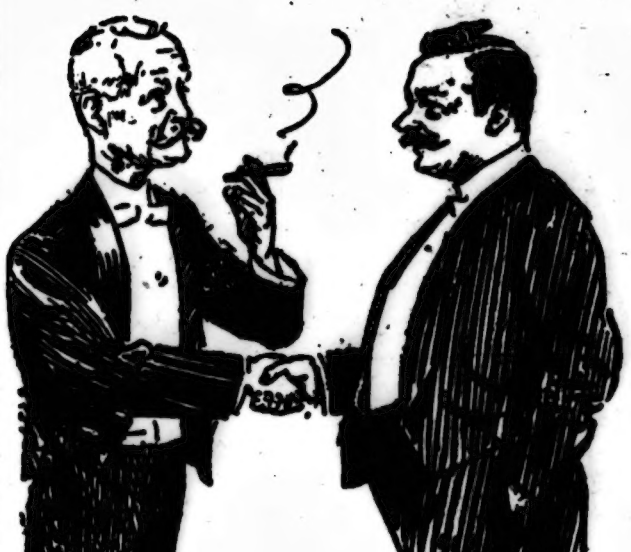

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